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JULY 1990
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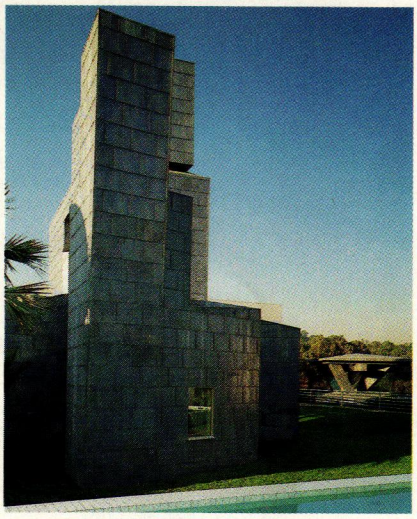
JULY

HOUSE & GARDEN JULY 1990 Volume 162, Number 7

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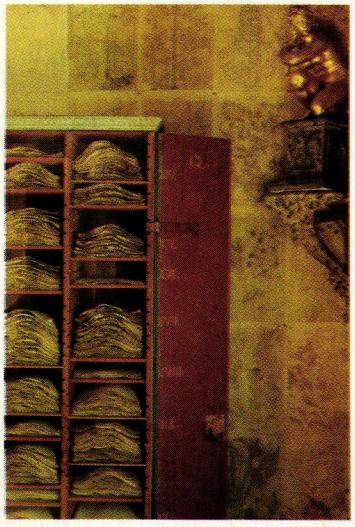
COVER *An arched Georgian gateway in an Irish garden. Page 80. Photograph by Alexandre Bailhache.*



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clarence house

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HG

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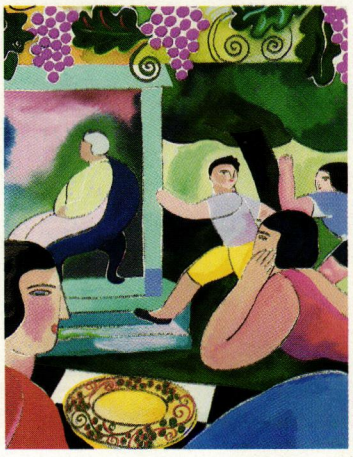
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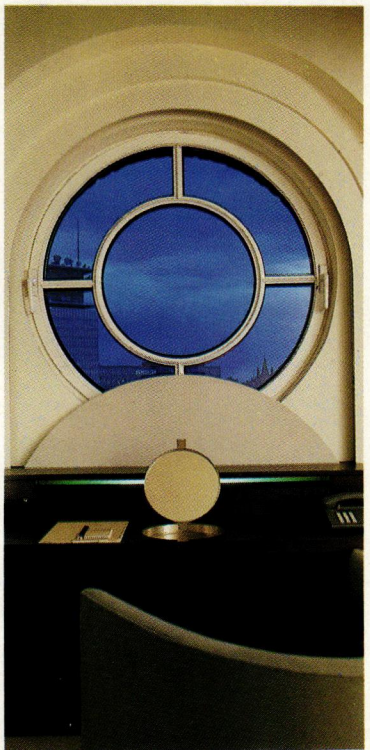
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JULY



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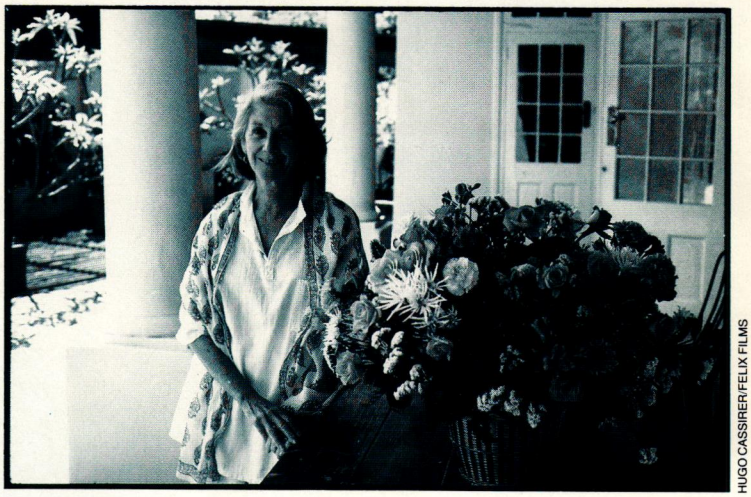
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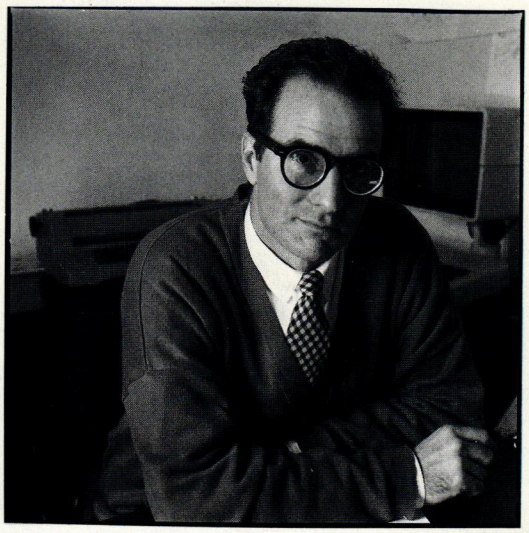


Contributors Notes

Nadine Gordimer, one of South Africa's preeminent writers, tells of her abiding love for African pots in this month's "Taste" column. Gordimer, whose forthcoming novel, *My Son's Story*, will be published in October by Farrar, Straus & Giroux, says her roadside discoveries offer a human element: "Their surface texture has the faint striations of skin. When you put your hand against my pots you are palm to palm with the artist."



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SCOTT MATTHEW OSMAN

Vance Muse, a staff writer for *Life*, is currently at work for Harper & Row on *Walking with Garbo*, a biography of the enigmatic Hollywood star that he is coauthoring with film scholar Raymond Daum. For the July HG, Muse visits the Maine retreat of his friends actress Stockard Channing and painter Carl Palazzolo. "It's wonderful to see how their aesthetic has grown over the years. The two have worked a kind of alchemy on their house."

Buffy Birrittella describes Rose Cottage, the Malibu house of actor Bruce Dern and his wife, Andrea, as a "comforting oasis—a farmhouse sitting right on the beach that combines the best of both those worlds." She met the Derns in 1973 while working for Ralph Lauren, who designed the clothes Bruce wore in *The Great Gatsby*. Birrittella, who started out as Lauren's assistant nearly twenty years ago, is now senior vice president of advertising and women's design at Polo/Ralph Lauren.



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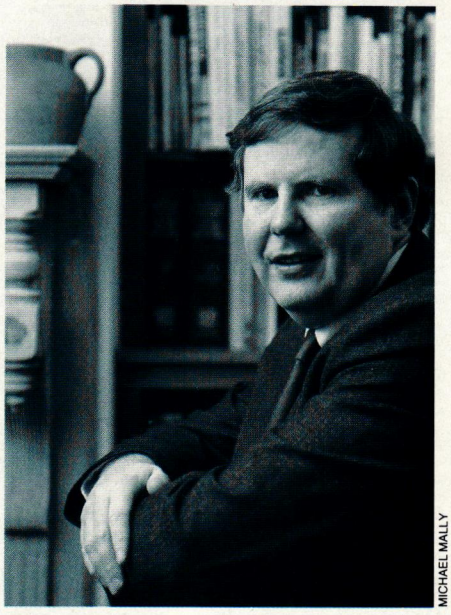
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Contributors Notes



MARK STERN

Amy Fine Collins has been exploring other people's residences for quite some time: "I remember my mother taking my sister and me on drives at night. We would slow down at a house we liked and look out from the car window at all the furniture and decoration." For this issue, Collins managed to get an inside view of both a Mark Hampton–decorated house on Nantucket and a Connecticut country retreat by Shelton, Mindel & Associates. Her first book, *American Impressionism,* was published this spring by W. H. Smith.



MICHAEL MALLY

Thomas Hine, architecture and design critic for the *Philadelphia Inquirer,* previews an exhibition that reflects on future visions of San Francisco. Hine's own view of what lies ahead in architecture: "My gut reaction is it will probably be worse. It seems there is less idealism involved in making buildings. I used to have some hope that ego would be a partial substitute for civic pride, but I am less convinced of that now."

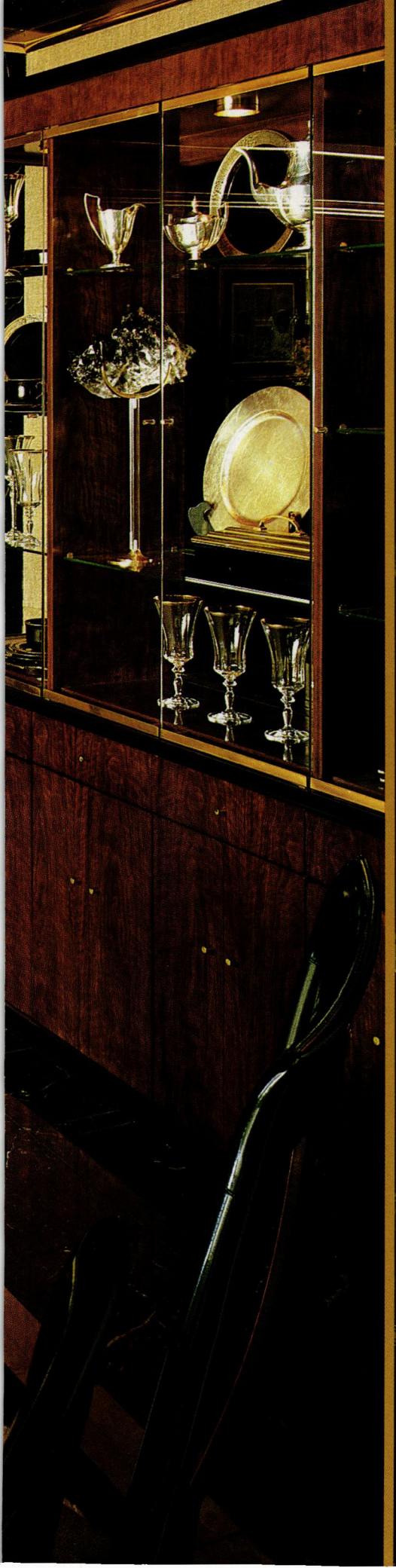


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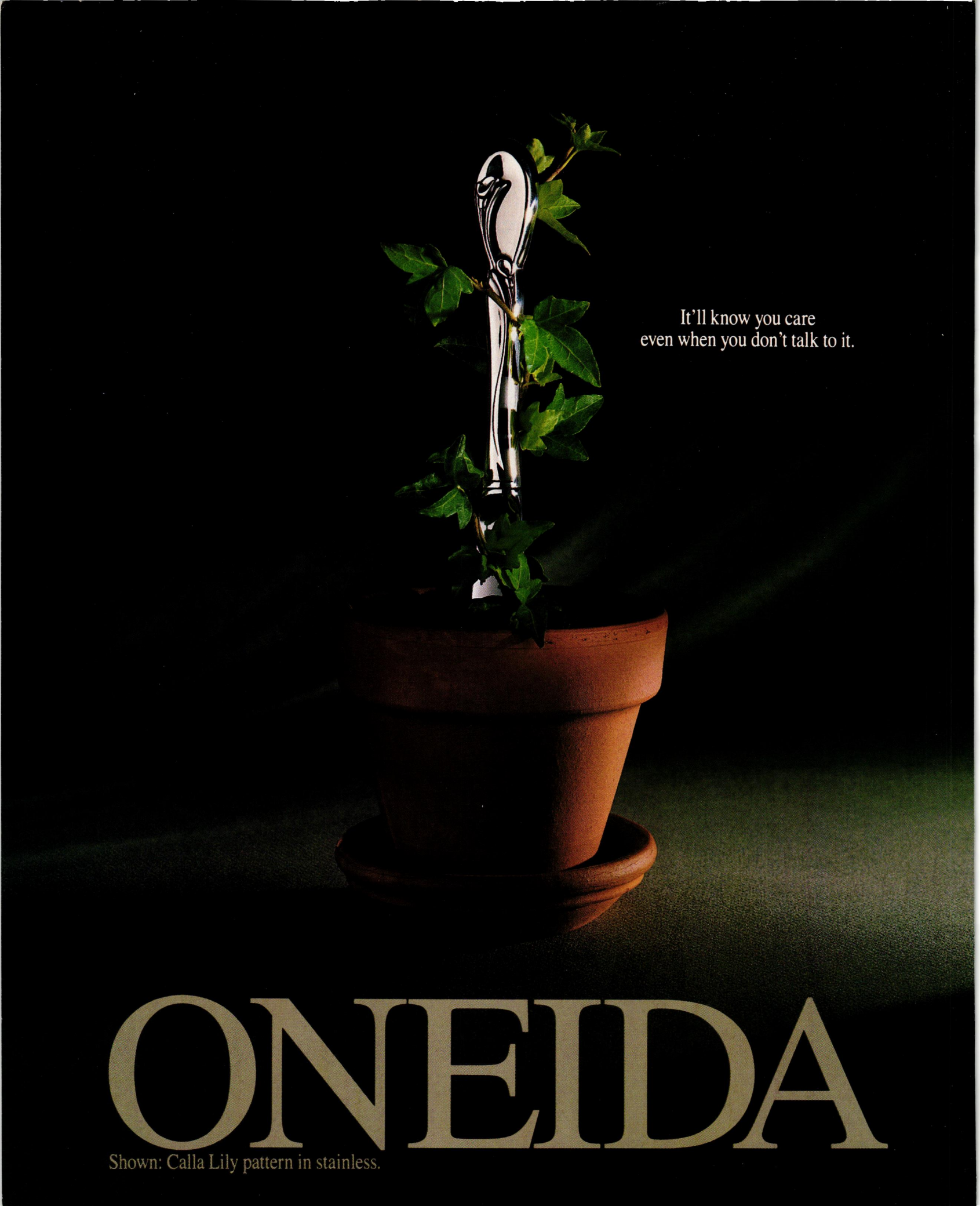
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HG REPORTS ON THE NEW AND THE NOTEWORTHY By Amy Abrams and Eric Berthold





Eric Lansdown's miniature buildings accommodate not only dolls and birds but also architecture and design styles from throughout the ages. From simple materials like wood, wire, and glass, Lansdown mixes and matches periods for such follies as a seven-foot French Renaissance bridge-castle birdhouse (*above*) and (*right*) a Greek revival aviary on a Regency base and a Mansart-style dollhouse. Using techniques he developed with the help of his mother, who restores antiques, the reductionist architect glazes, screen-prints, details, and distresses each small but unhumble abode. "Every detail is important, from the architecture to the painted finish," says Lansdown. "This is what makes each piece stand on its own as a work of art." (Eric Lansdown, 2200 23 St., San Francisco, CA 94107; 415-822-1325)

FROM LEFT: JOHN WILSON WHITE; DEWEY NICKS

notes



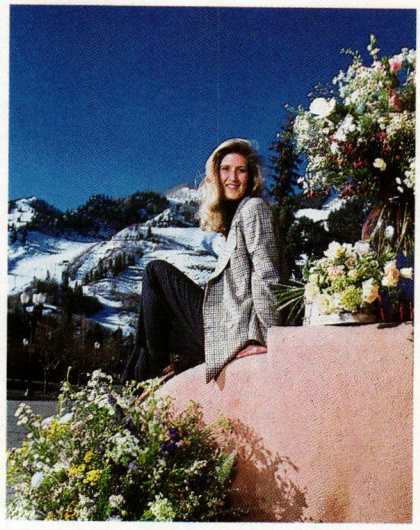
Cubist Art Annie Kelly handcrafts and paints every piece she designs, including the *World Frozen in a Cube* table (*left*), $2,200, her most recent work. Available through the Gallery of Functional Art, Santa Monica (213) 450-2827.

Moonstruck Artist Toni Putnam's cast-bronze Guardian chair (*below*), $10,000, and other unique designs are available through the Sally Hawkins Gallery, NYC (212) 477-5699.

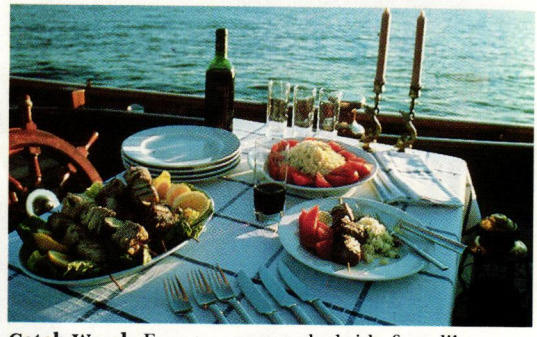




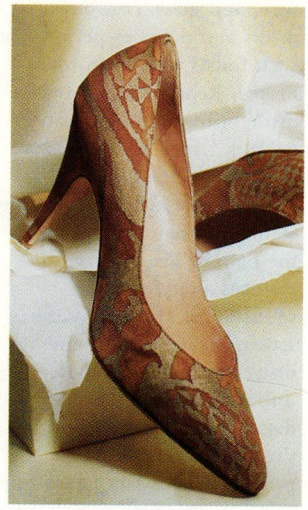
Those Lips, Those Eyes Photographer Christopher Makos's plates (*above*) are $250 a pair, available at Paul Smith, NYC. Makos has a limited supply of wallpaper depicting a mostly glamorous Andy Warhol. Call (212) 620-5642.



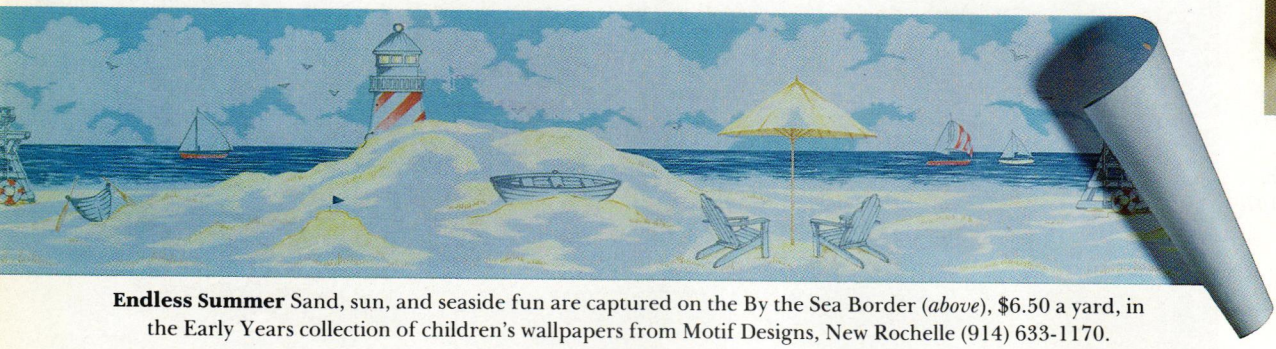
The Hills Are Alive Floral designer Beth Gill (*above*) has been known to fill orders by dashing out and gathering fistfuls of Rocky Mountain wildflowers and greenery. Her shop, the Aspen Branch, is at 213 South Mill St., Aspen (303) 925-3791.



Catch Words Easy-to-prepare deckside fare, like couscous and grilled marinated tuna (*above*), is featured in *The Yachting Cookbook* (Crown, $30), by Jennifer Trainer and Elizabeth Wheeler.

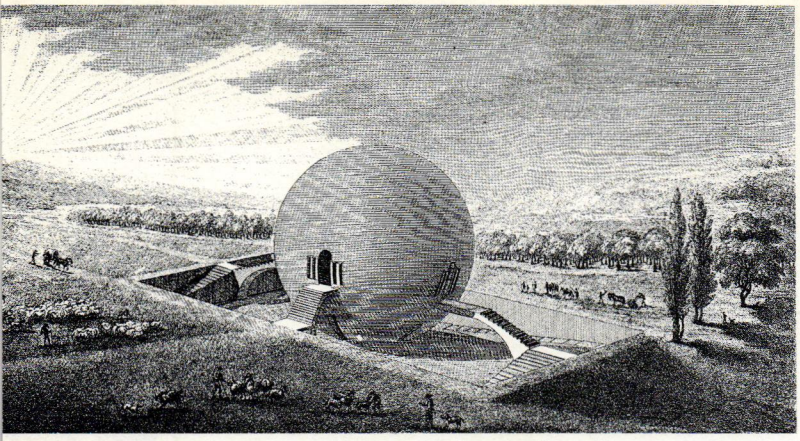


Stepping Out Shoes covered in one of four Fortuny fabrics (*above*), $370 a pair, are available at Vanessa Noel, 26 East 66 St., NYC (212) 737-0115.



Endless Summer Sand, sun, and seaside fun are captured on the By the Sea Border (*above*), $6.50 a yard, in the Early Years collection of children's wallpapers from Motif Designs, New Rochelle (914) 633-1170.

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: TIM STREET-PORTER; ROBERT LAKOW; KRISTEN BROCHMANN; MONICA STEVENSON (2); JEFFREY AARONSON; BOB SASSON



Past Perfect Anthony Vidler examines the life and work of one of 18th century France's most controversial architects in *Claude Nicholas Ledoux* (MIT Press, $50). The visionary designer never completed many of his projects, such as the House of the Agricultural Guards of Maupertuis (*above*).

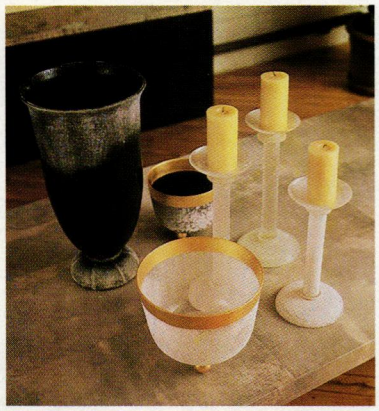


Both Sides Now Casa Lopez offers European imports from reversible wool piqué rugs (*right*) to needlepoint pillows and tabletop accessories. The rugs are available in eleven sizes; a standard, 6 by 9 feet, is $2,000. Casa Lopez, NYC (212) 935-5344.

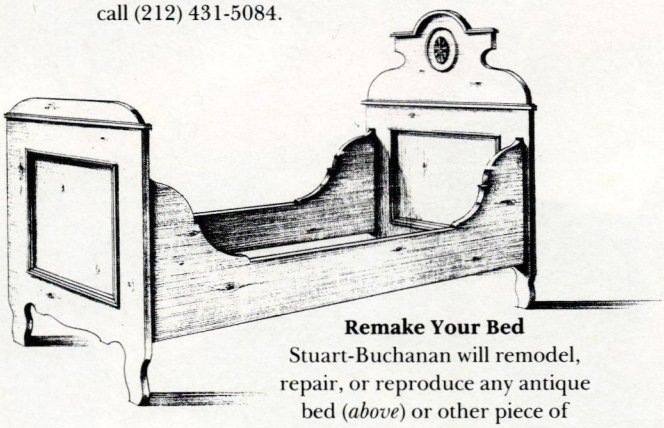


Stool's Gold Carol Bruns's Elsol stool (*right*), $1,700, has gilded cast-bronze legs. This and other metal furnishings are available from the artist's SoHo studio; call (212) 431-5084.





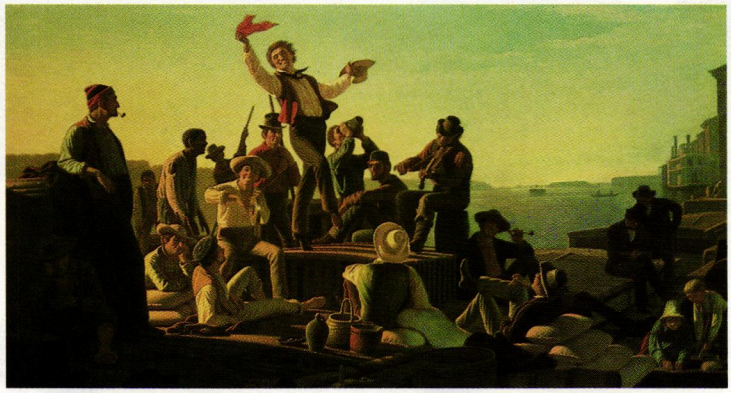
Handmade in the USA Japan's internationally renowned Seibu Pisa department stores have recently joined forces with American designer Karl Springer to carry his new furniture, such as the J.M.F. side chair covered in hand-stained inlay leather (*top*), and accessories, such as Venetian glass vases, bowls, and candlesticks (*above*). To the trade at Karl Springer, (212) 752-1695.



Remake Your Bed Stuart-Buchanan will remodel, repair, or reproduce any antique bed (*above*) or other piece of furniture. For information call the Denver office, (303) 825-1222.



In the Gild British designer John Harwood has revived the ancient technique of water gilding, which he applies to any surface from a wall to a picture frame (*above*), starting at $275. Available at Autonomy, London (1) 351-7303.



For Spacious Skies *Jolly Flatboatmen in Port* (*above*) and 27 other genre and landscape paintings by 19th-century American artist George Caleb Bingham are on view at the National Gallery of Art, Washington, D.C., July 15–Sept. 30.

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: NC; MONICA STEVENSON (2); JONATHAN PILKINGTON; SAINT LOUIS ART MUSEUM; ROB SILCOTT; YURI MARDER (2)

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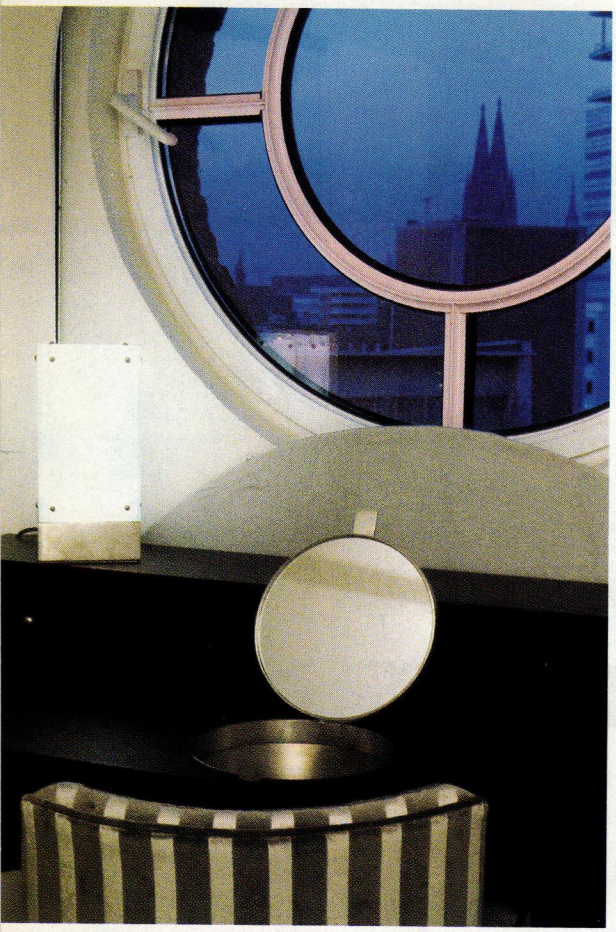
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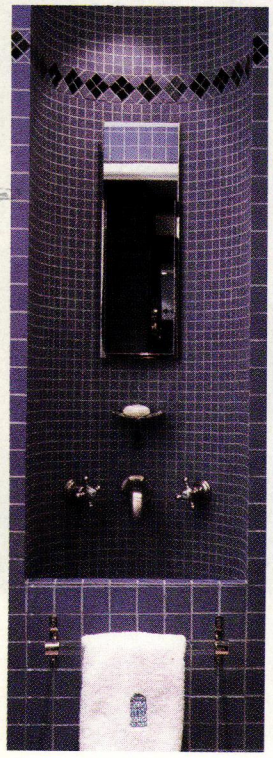
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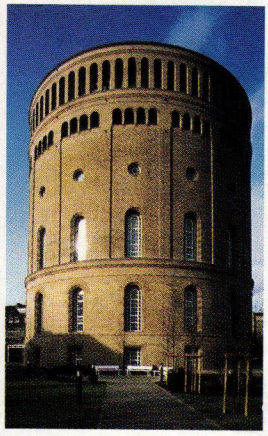


Circular Thinking

Andrée Putman transforms a Cologne water tower into a luxury hotel

BY CHRISTINA DE LIAGRE



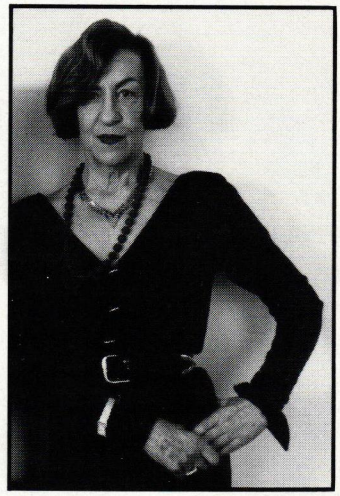


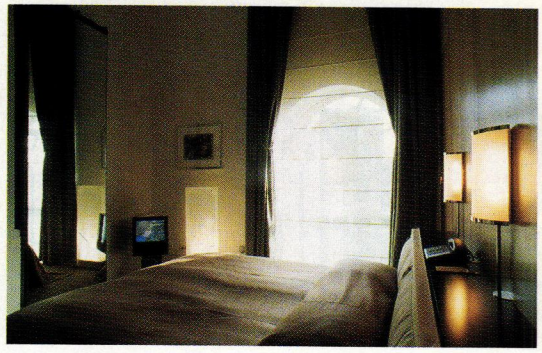
The water tower, above, an all-brick landmark built in 1868, dictated a lunar design theme: the mirror on a desk in the dining area of one of the suites, top, echoes the original fenestration, while a washbasin in grès cérame tile with a glass mosaic frieze, left, has a rounded back.

"I REMEMBER THE FIRST time I was asked for an autograph," Andrée Putman recently recalled in an article on the 1980s for a French daily. "It was in New York. A cyclist, a Puerto Rican messenger, got off his bike, handed me a notebook, and said, 'Miss Putman, I love your work.'" In the course of the last decade, Parisienne Putman may have been consecrated la madone du design on one side of the Atlantic and the high priestess of style on the other, but she has kept her sleek French heels firmly on the ground.

Free from the confines of being a schooled architect or designer, Putman became both at mid-life—on her own terms and with her own baggage. Abandoning a promising career in music composition, she would strike keynotes in the fine art of living: style, Putman determined, begins with freedom from what is generally regarded as good taste. Her reeditions (the Eileen Gray satellite mirror, the Mallet-Stevens chair, the Fortuny projector lamp) brought back the lines of the modernist movement; her black and white aesthetic turned la France tricolore into la France bicolore; her snappily tiled bathrooms reinstated the throne room as an element of French style. On top of everything else, Putman became the designers' designer. Alaïa, Lagerfeld, Saint Laurent, Mugler—all called on the lady who has defined the height of chic in this way: "knowing how to transform a handicap into an element of seduction; worn clothes; the freedom to mix surprising elements that are linked for the first time; having the courage of one's opinions."

In her office at Écart, her design studio on the rue Saint-Antoine, Andrée Putman likes to converse sitting side by side at the round edge of her semicircular black desk. There are three black telephones and two Filofaxes—one gray, one black, both very old. She dips into her silver Fabergé cigarette box often, striking matches from Morgans, the first hotel she designed in New York, in 1984. The nonfilters are instantly branded with her dark lipstick. Her long-sleeved black V-neck dress is Azzedine—"six years old," she specifies; she has worn her V-shaped white metal necklace every day for the past 28 years.



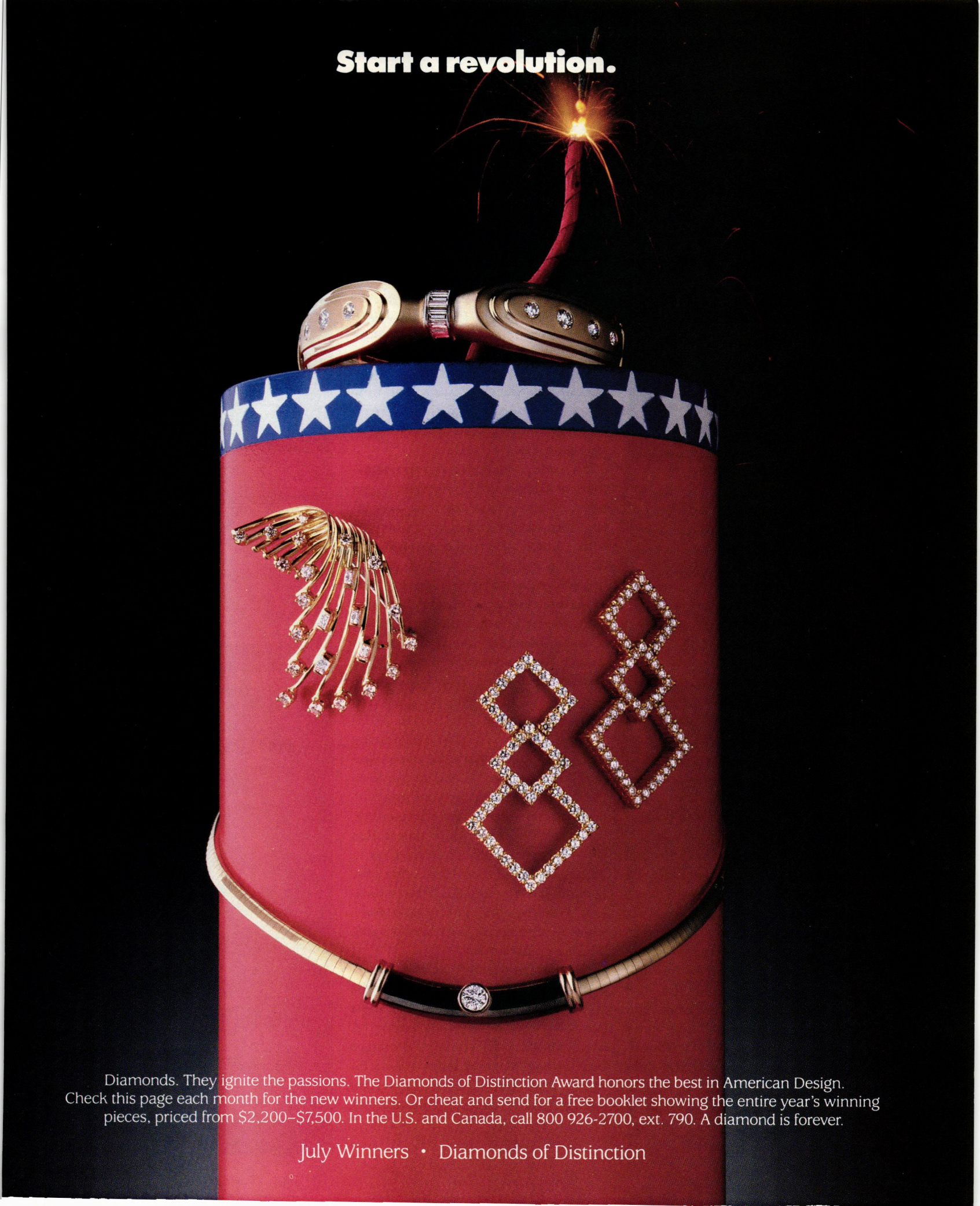


Putman, left, subtly lit the Wasserturm's rooms, such as a master bedroom, below, with sanded-glass panels.

Having recently completed another luxury hotel—in a former water tower in Cologne—Putman has lost no time taking on the nineties. The Wasserturm is an all-brick cylindrical structure built in 1868 by an Englishman, John Moore, as the largest water tower in Europe. Used as an antiaircraft Kommandobunker during World War II, it miraculously survived, along with the city's cathedral and very little else. "As one of the few monuments left, it was pre-

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A crescent-shaped rug, armchair, and table face a high-back sofa with recessed lights in a duplex suite.

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"If you give in to all the temptations of adding, you introduce the drop of poison that will age what you've done"

served as a historical landmark," says Putman, for whom the structure (appropriately called a château d'eau in French) brings to mind Ledoux and eighteenth-century architecture.

The Wasserturm forced the designer "to invent a new vocabulary." The landmark could not be altered structurally, so all of the rooms had to be divided like slices of cake. The tower also dictated the shape of the furniture, inspiring a new "half moon" line in Écart's design portfolio. Sofas were designed to fit into vaulted niches and shades were devised to rise at the push of a button in order to block out light from the external archways—or, better still, to be left partially open, thus forming a poetic crescent of sky. In the entry to each room a blue crescent-shaped glass shelf for keys, gloves, or a bag picks up on the lunar theme almost imperceptibly. These petits raffinements, or "little messages," as Putman likes to call them, have a cumulative effect: the longer you stay, the more attuned you become to the very quiet dialogue between elements in her overall design.

"Problems are assets," says Putman. "They stimulate you." Since only the existing fenestration could be used, she created sanded-glass panels with interior lights on dimmers to add luminosity. In addition, various surfaces in the rooms, such as a sanded-glass vanity table top or the sides of a very high wing sofa with recessed reading lights, are incandescent; there is no overhead lighting in the hotel.

The color scheme represents something of a departure for Putman: "Light and a certain gaiety is what we were after—not what I'm usually associated with." A basic palette of beige and sanded oak is punctuated with touches of brilliant yellow and blue velvet—a touch of Matisse. There are nothing but original artworks throughout, the most formidable of which are sculptures by Donald Judd and Dan Flavin in the high vaulted lobby and a Tom Wesselmann painting that dominates the glassed-in rooftop restaurant.

"The tower itself is so overbearing that we wanted to keep the rooms simple," Putman says. "If you give in to all the temptations of adding one more delicious thing and another and another, you introduce the drop of poison that will mark what you've done and age it. Then people will say, 'Ah yes, that's the beginning of the nineties.' How ridiculous! How frightening! Morgans Hotel, which we did six years ago, has not aged. That's a point of pride."

Not for Andrée Putman the "home" genre of luxury-hotel decoration—"the chintz and pink and green checks and a Spanish chest to hide the television." "A hotel," the designer sums up, "should be both impersonal and seductive—a bit like a geisha who is there to entertain you. But you would never mistake her for your wife." ♠

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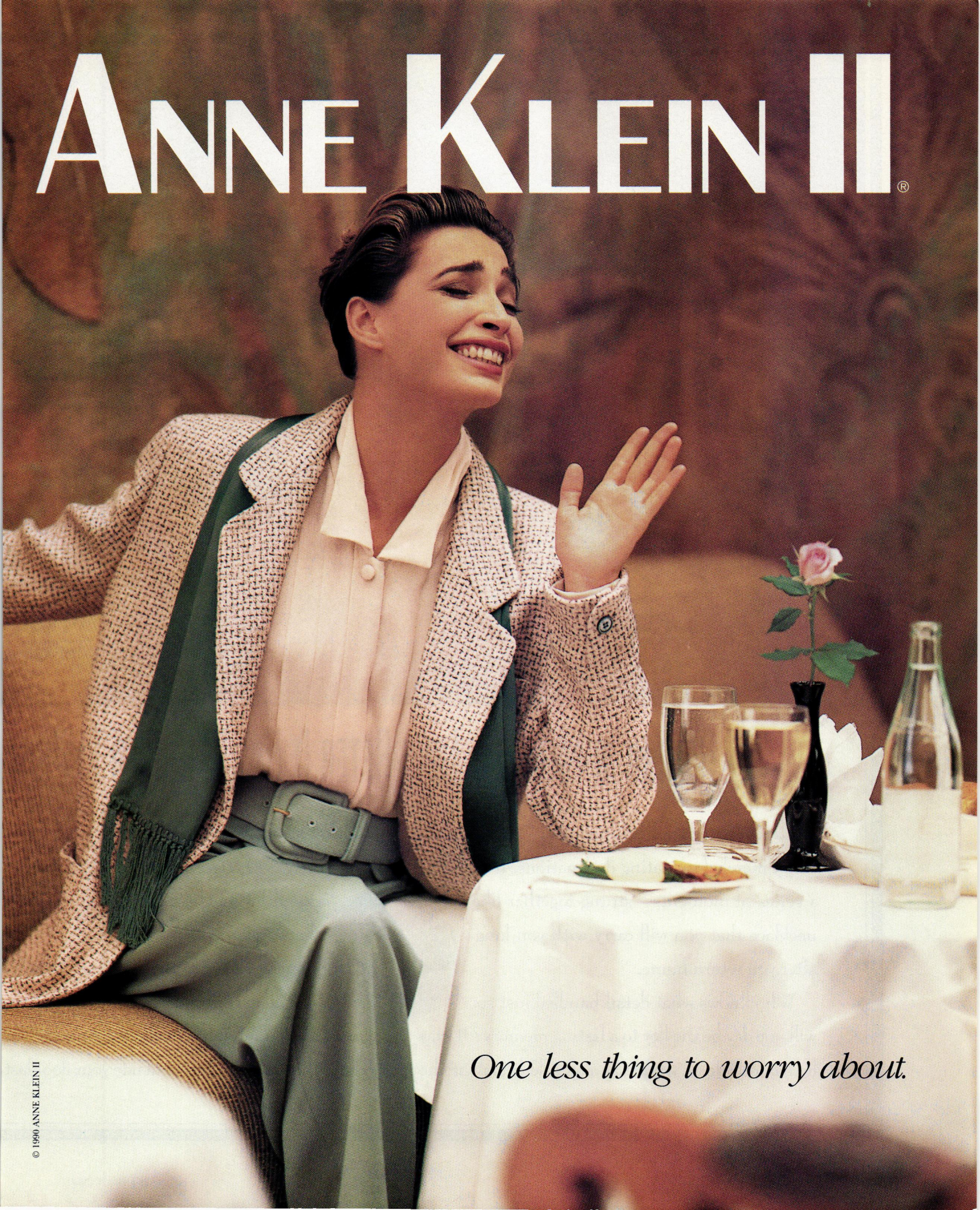
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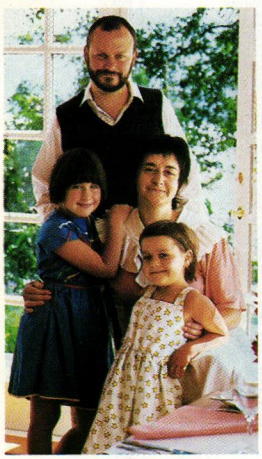


Safe Harbor

A Vancouver Island inn serves up home-style comforts

BY SUSAN HERRMANN LOOMIS

We barely make it out of our car at the Sooke Harbour House on Vancouver Island, British Columbia, when the proprietors, Sinclair and Fredrica Philip, appear to help with our bags. They're full of warm greetings, but they never say much more, knowing that to inhale the fir- and sea-scented elixir that passes for air here makes me and my husband a bit giddy, renders us momentarily speechless. The steel blue of the water, the deep green of the trees, the luxurious rooms and intricately landscaped grounds of the inn afford a sense of composure that only seems possible when one is surrounded by rare, heart-stopping beauty.



Proprietors Sinclair and Fredrica Philip and their daughters Nishka and Rissa, above. Top: The inn sits on a spit of land overlooking the Strait of Juan de Fuca.

Before they became innkeepers, both the Philips studied economics at the University of Grenoble, in France (he is Canadian, she French). Along with their academic interests, they shared a love of food and entertaining, and Sinclair Philip combined his domestic passions with an enthusiasm for scuba diving in the Mediterranean: there was always bounteous seafood, which the couple turned into extravagant meals for friends. They dreamed of owning an inn and in 1977 moved to Canada in search of the ideal spot. It took them a year to find the Sooke Harbour House, which had been a restaurant since 1928.

The Philips have transformed a white clapboard building on a spit of land overlooking the Strait of Juan de Fuca and the craggy Olympic Mountains into the perfect stage for their talents. Each of the newly remodeled rooms in the old building has a rustic fireplace, a lofty duvet on a king-size bed, and a balcony that looks onto either the water and the mountains or rolling gardens. A recent unassuming addition near the original building contains ten rooms with their own private decks and gardens and spectacular views.

Our first move when we arrive at the Sooke Harbour House is not to move at all but to sink into the comfort of our room. Wrapped in the cozy white robes provided, we sip sherry and gaze out the windows, often as not to catch sight of a whale, a seal, or a distantly clattering fishing boat. When darkness falls, overstuffed chairs and sofas around the fireplace in the dining room describe a convivial social center, lit by the fire and two huge candelabras of flickering white candles. Sinclair, round, cheery, and red-cheeked, offers drinks and passes exotic tidbits before dinner: fresh sea urchin roe with freshly toasted bread, strips of crisp sea cucumber. "I like guests to try things," he says. "Sometimes I don't tell them what it is until they've tried it."

The menu changes every day. Sinclair often emerges from the water with gooseneck barnacles, triton snails, and glistening abalone, and Chef Ron Cherry adds them all to the day's meals. Simply prepared vegetables, fruits, and herbs are served fresh from the garden or nearby farms; suckling kid, duckling, veal, and rabbit are all raised on the island.

A wonderful breakfast and a light healthy lunch are provided every day, and either can be packed for a picnic. Diversions at Sooke Harbour House are simple. There are no televisions or telephones. But the roads around the inn will take you into the woods, down to the rocky beach below the gardens, or around a neighborhood where residents putter in their gardens. The Philips can arrange just about any other appropriate outing, from plane rides to boat trips to scuba dives. But if you do venture forth, you may feel about the inn as you did about home during your first trip to camp: it's OK being away, but you can hardly wait to get back. (Sooke Harbour House, 1528 Whiffen Spit Rd., RR 4, Sooke, British Columbia V0S 1N0; 604-642-4944) ▲



Local seafood, produce, and game are served in the dining room

JANE WEITZEL



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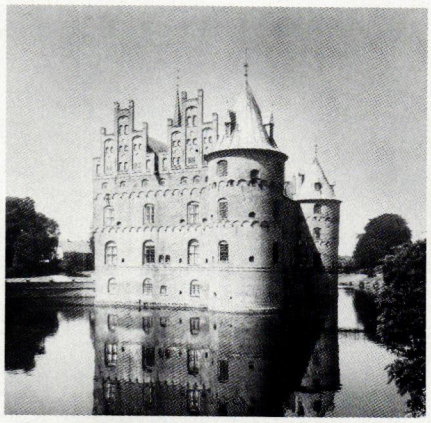
Bang & Olufsen
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THE SIGHTS AND SOUNDS OF DENMARK.

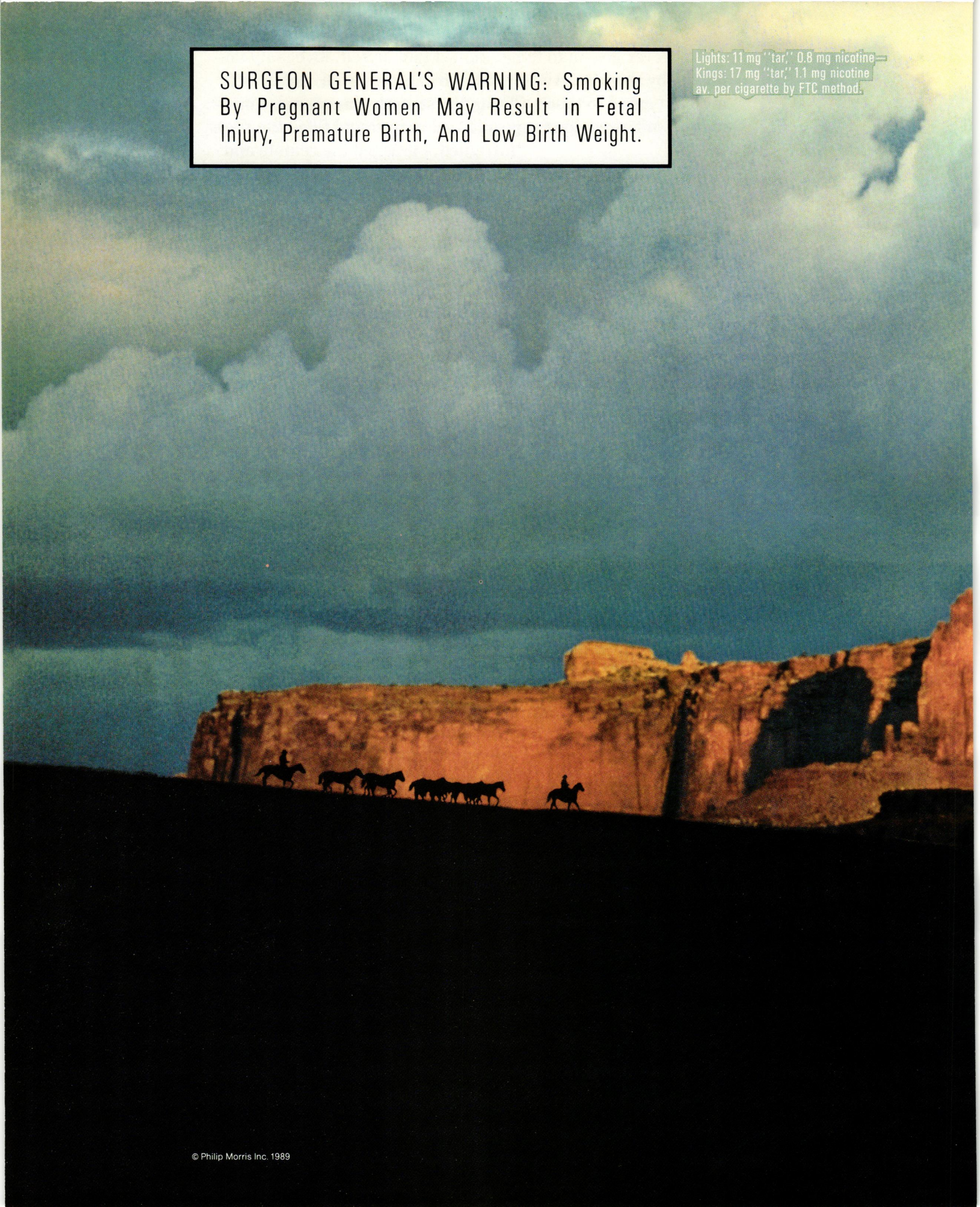
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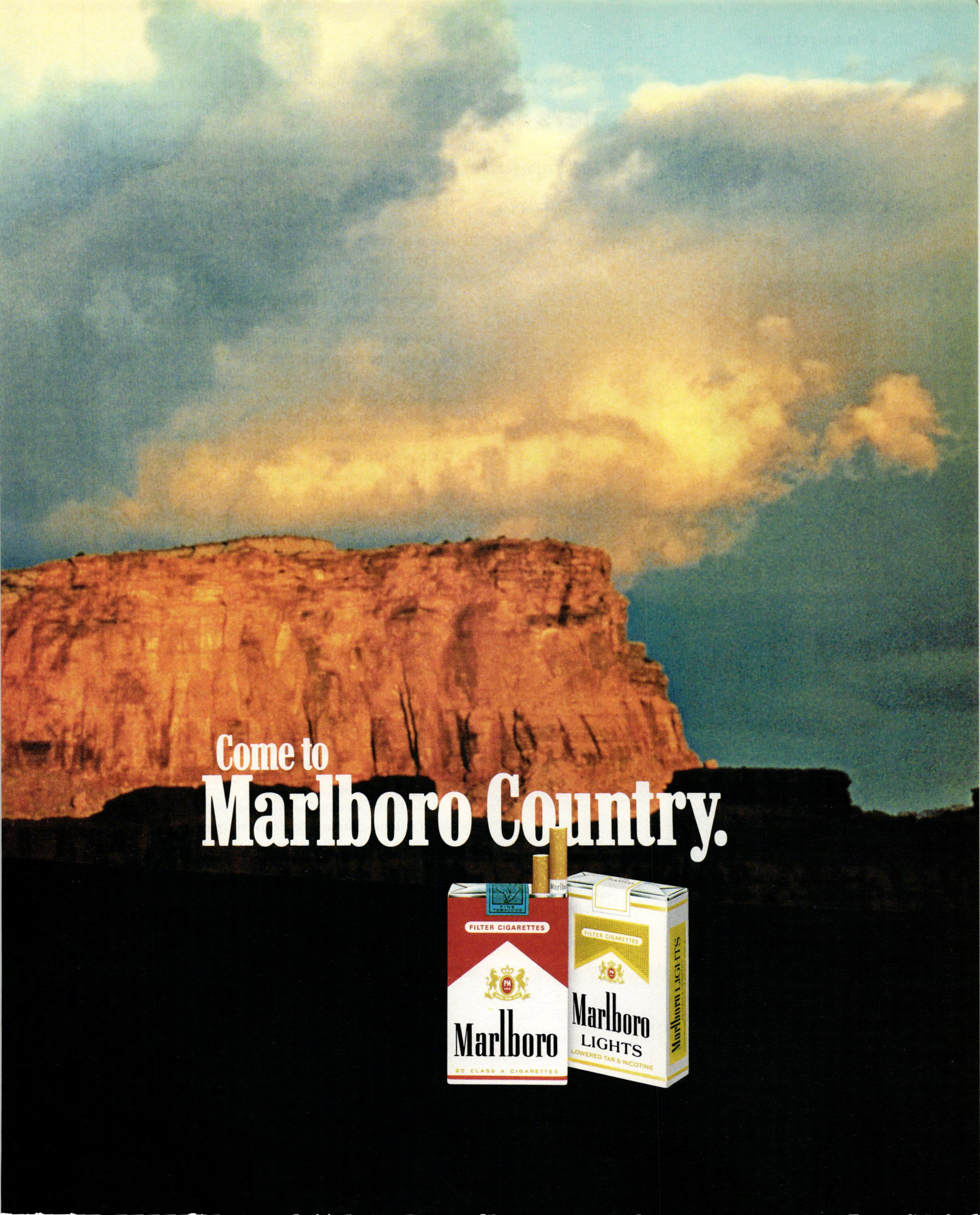
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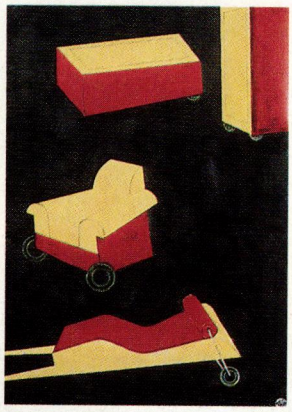

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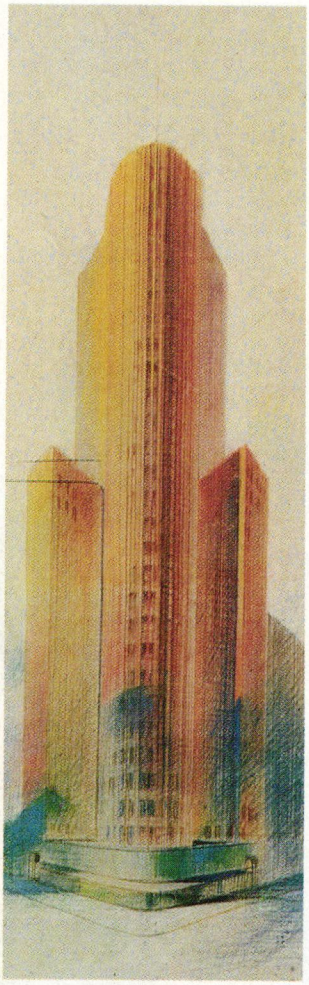
An exhibition looks backward and forward at visionary schemes for San Francisco

BY THOMAS HINE





Movable furniture for an earthquake-proof house, above, by Lars Lerup and Sohela Farokhi. Below: Lerup and Farokhi's scheme for San Francisco flats.



A study for a skyscraper, above, sketched in the 1920s by Bay Area architect Timothy L. Pflueger.

For many who live or visit there, San Francisco is perfection cloaked in fog. Its layout and topography conspire to create vistas that make admiring the city one of its visitors' chief pastimes. In recent years there have been major efforts to restore old buildings and prevent new ones, reflecting a belief that most changes are not for the better. But in treating their city as a precious gem, do San Franciscans risk turning it into something unreal, a great place for tourists that has little cultural or economic dynamism of its own?

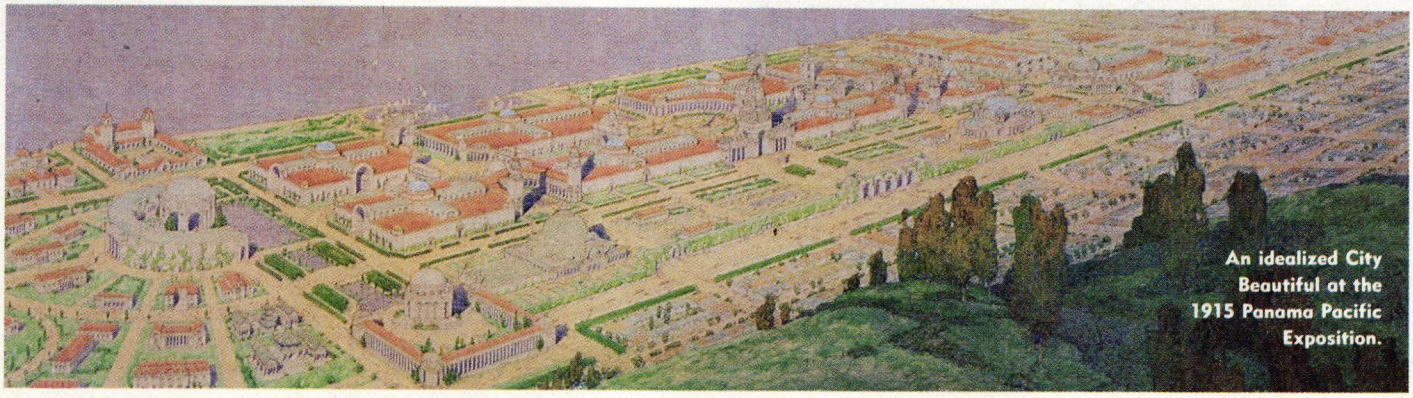
That is the question that underlies "Visionary San Francisco," the first large-scale exhibition to be mounted by the architecture and design department of the San Francisco Museum of Modern Art. The show, which will run from June 14 to August 26, does not attempt to present a single vision of the future or any dream that those who see it are likely to accept. But it will challenge visitors to look beyond the cable cars and multicolored gingerbread and imagine a San Francisco different from the one they know.

"San Francisco has always had a sense of destiny," says Paolo Polledri, the museum's curator of architecture and design and organizer of the show. "We have mounted this exhibition because San Francisco, like many other cities, is at a crossroads and people do not feel confident to act. People take a conservative attitude and never make a decision. The city needs a sense of direction."

Most of the show is a chronicle of what might have been: past visions for changing the city, including drawings and models of some major projects that are still pending after years of discussion. There are also drawings and models of the Golden Gate and Bay bridges, which Polledri argues were catalysts for San Francisco's dreams of modernity for decades. But while these earlier periods had widely accepted ideologies of change—the radial boulevards and vistas of the turn-of-the-century City Beautiful movement or the diagrammatic functionalism of international-style modernism—there is now no framework of belief in which change can be understood.

Polledri decided to deal with the contemporary situation by commissioning four writers to compose texts about the city and then pairing them with four teams of architects, who have designed installations based on these texts. His theory is that writers help shape the way people perceive cities by connecting places with experience and meaning and that such perceptions could serve as architectural programs. Imagining a different San Francisco proved just as difficult for writ-

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: NC; SAN FRANCISCO MUSEUM OF MODERN ART; EXPLORATORIUM, SAN FRANCISCO; NC. PHOTOS BEN BLACKWELL



An idealized City Beautiful at the 1915 Panama Pacific Exposition.

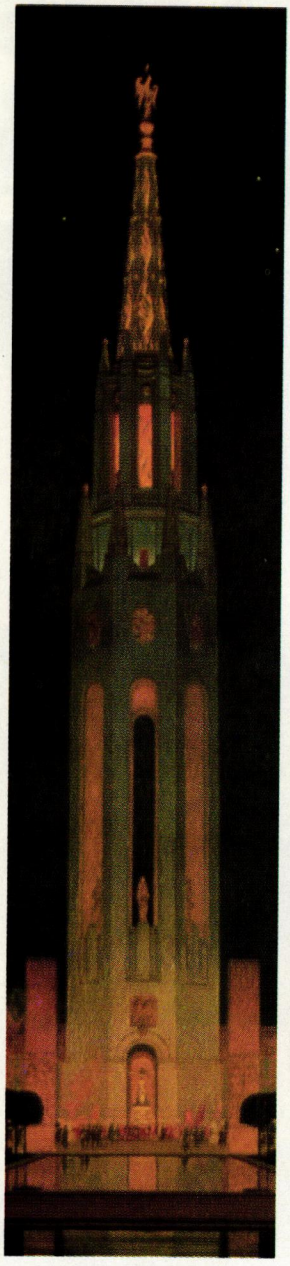
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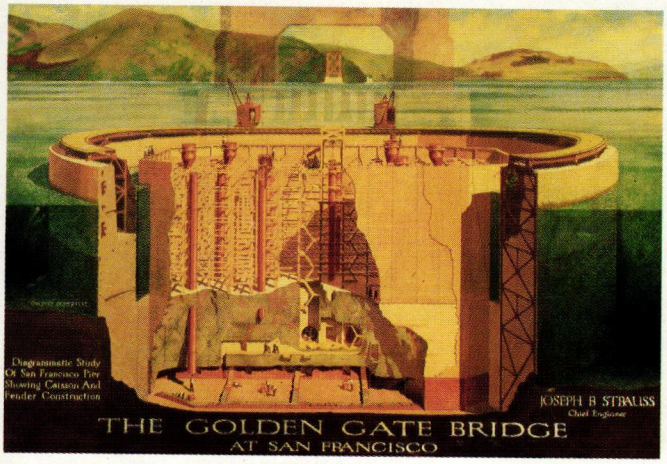
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Chesley Bonestell's Tower of the Sun, above, at the Golden Gate International Exposition on Treasure Island, 1939. Above right: A 1932 cutaway perspective of a bridge pier under construction.

In treating their city as a precious gem, do San Franciscans risk turning it into something unreal?



ers as for anyone else, and the texts are short stories and essays of a not obviously visionary nature. Novelist Mark Helprin's memoir celebrates topography and weather as the keys to the city's character. Journalist Richard Rodriguez discusses the AIDS crisis in terms of the marginal, though taste-making, role of homosexuals in society and the "renovation of Victorian San Francisco into dollhouses for libertines." Mystery writer Joe Gores tells a hard-boiled tale involving a mural, a dance of death, and real estate development. Science fiction writer William Gibson imagines a city of makeshift dwellings built by the homeless atop the Bay Bridge.

The architects' responses are indirect. For example, architect Lars Lerup and artist Sohela Farokhi chose to respond not to AIDS but to Rodriguez's wry description of gays occupying houses that symbolize family life and heightening the symbolism through their decoration. They also chose to respond to something not in the essay, last October's earthquake. "Our analogy was that AIDS is to society as the earthquake is to architecture," says Lerup. The design is for a steel-framed earthquake-proof house with sprinklers between its double-glass walls. "It is a safe haven in an unsafe, rocking world. It lobotomizes the earthquake." But, he adds, it is also intended as a place to be yourself, without master bedrooms, family rooms, or any of the behavior that such spaces imply. Lerup and Farokhi have also designed unconventional wheeled furniture, intended to embody both an escape from historic expectations and a flexible way of living.

Diana Agrest and Mario Gandelsonas began by plotting the events of their detective story, which involves the disappearance, one by one, of the people creating a mural on a new building. But the architects soon became concerned about another disappearance, that of places for public recreation along the waterfront. They designed a new building, for the site of the fictional one, that could house much of what happened at the now-lost places. "A detective story is a process of research, usually triggered by incidents of violence, that tries to unveil some kind of truth," Gandelsonas explains. "As architects, we play the role of detective, and in the exhibition we want to force the viewer to take that role, too. It will not be easy to understand."

Barbara Stauffacher Solomon's installation consists of real and painted Ping-Pong tables, which serve as metaphors for lawns, playing fields, and other human evocations of nature. Her project is not an illustration or response to Helprin's essay but a wholly different interpretation of the relationship between nature and artifice, "a parody of planning," as the designer terms it.

Only one of the projects, that of Craig Hodgetts and Ming Fung, presents a large-scale future vision, though hardly a utopian one. "The premise," says Hodgetts, "is that city governments are powerless to do any kind of major restructuring and that the future of the city will be controlled by private interests." The architects imagine that Golden Gate Park has been sold to a private developer who has made it a private enclave lined with apartment towers. George Lucas and Steven Spielberg have demilitarized the Presidio and transformed it into a Luke Skywalker theme park. Identical self-sufficient solar-powered skyscrapers dot the cityscape and march across the bay. "Gibson's story is beautiful, but it certainly sets an atmosphere of gloom," Hodgetts says. "Some of the scenarios we will show are not attractive, but they could be illuminating for the city as a whole."

Polledri says that the exhibition was never intended to represent the future but to help people see the possibilities implicit in the present. Nobody argues that the city's problems would be alleviated by building any of these projects. In all likelihood the challenges would simply be more visible.

"If we deny change to the city, we destroy it," Polledri says. "Prettiness is no panacea for urban ills." ▲

FROM LEFT: OAKLAND MUSEUM, HISTORY DEPARTMENT; GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE, HIGHWAY, AND TRANSPORTATION DISTRICT. PHOTOS BEN BLACKWELL

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A semicircular terrace, above, extends from the back of the 1810 upstate New York farmhouse the MacKenzie-Childses rescued from ruin. Below: Every surface in the guest room bears evidence of the couple's decorative touch. Details see Resources.

Fanciful Farm

Richard and Victoria MacKenzie-Childs apply wit and whimsy to design

BY STEPHANIE VAUGHN

Ceilings exist for most of us at an altitude of 35,000 feet. They're as unreachable as cumulonimbus, except when we have to renew a coat of neutral paint—at which time a ceiling will descend to a level just an inch above the comfortable stretch of an arm. No surface, however, is beyond the vision or reach of tableware and furniture designers Victoria and Richard MacKenzie-Childs. "I don't think we've ever lived for long with an undecorated ceiling," Richard says. In the kitchen of their 1810 Georgian farmhouse, located on the eastern ridge above Cayuga Lake in western New York State, they climbed up and down scaffolding for weeks assembling slender strips of tongue-and-groove oak into a squared ceiling pattern. In their guest room they wallpapered the ceiling to create the illusion of drifting summer flowers, and in their dining room they installed black and white tiles that echo the checkerwork floor below. Their eighteen-year-old daughter, Heather, helped produce the designs for her bedroom, including the overhead pastel squares, which look as edible as ice cream.



Victoria and Richard MacKenzie-Childs and their daughter, Heather, above, frolic on a hay bale behind their house.



"We never think of things as they are," Richard says, "we think of things as they could be." That is the kind of thinking that inspired them in 1980 to buy an abandoned farmhouse that was so ruined by time it would have made Edgar Allan Poe falter at the doorstep. Today that house is an unfettered celebration of color, texture, and surprise. Every progression—from molding to wall, from chair rail to chair leg—is acknowledged by an alteration in pattern or palette. A drawer pull turns out to be a small ceramic fish. A table base rises from the backs of a family of rabbits. Crawl into the intimate space of a cupboard bed, and you will find yourself in the midst of a lakeside landscape painted by Vic-



A trio of MacKenzie-Childs hand-painted majolica dishes.

FROM TOP: MICHAEL MUNDY (3); MONICA STEVENSON

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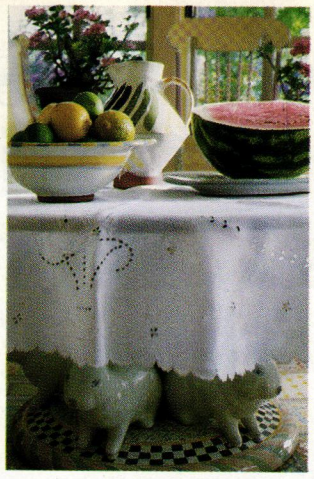
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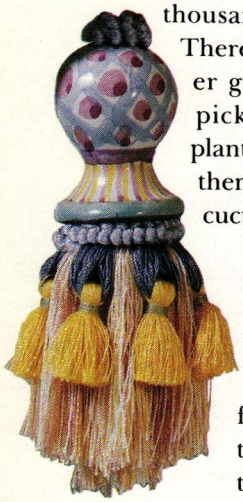
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toria's mother, Beth MacKenzie. Enter the guest room closet and a fairy tale might start to unfold—"Just walk through the clothes," says Victoria, directing the way to a secret door that opens to a hidden staircase.

One mile down the lake, outside the village of Aurora, stand the MacKenzie-Childs design studios, pottery and furniture factory, and retail outlet where they sell their seconds. What was once a dilapidated dairy farm is now a confection of yellow buildings surrounded by thousands of blooming pink roses. There's a duck pond, a formal flower garden, and, behind a white picket fence, a kitchen garden planted so that employees can help themselves to a lunch of tomatoes, cucumbers, and lettuce.



A cluster of ceramic rabbits, above, supports a table in the sunny breakfast room, bottom left, furnished with the MacKenzie-Childses' customized antiques and original designs. Below: A family portrait amid the cornfields.



A ceramic and fringe tassel, above, suspends from the MacKenzie-Childs whimsical Visiting Seat, bottom right.

What began as a desire to make one beautiful plate, "just for us and just for fun," has grown into a major business. Before they founded their firm in 1983, Richard and Victoria were ceramists and sculptors who took turns teaching for a living. Trained in the graduate ceramics program at Alfred University, they created one-of-a-kind art until their work took a utilitarian turn. "After we made that initial plate," Victoria says, "we made more to go with it, then a table to put them on, then chairs to go with the table." Every piece now produced at their factory evolved from something they first devised for their own use.

Victoria, who also has a background in costume design, likes to bring theater to the dinner table. Last summer, for Richard's surprise birthday party, she erected a train set on their dining table, created a mountain landscape from heaps of freshly cut grass, and sent the curry condiments whizzing from guest to guest on the backs of the train cars. For a recent exhibition of their new line at a Neiman Marcus store in California, she turned bagels into napkin rings and carrots into mock candles.

Both Richard and Victoria have a genius for transforming cast-off furniture and found objects into art. The headboards from a set of twin beds Victoria slept on as a child became part of the prototype for their Visiting Seat embellished with circus wagon–style stripes and checks. A set of peeling doors from the local dump is now painted with family portraits and installed on the front of the cupboard bed. When in 1985 a gale-force wind destroyed their towering chimney, the rubble became the foundation for a backyard terrace and the handmade bricks became the floor of their sunroom.

Recently one of their customers, admiring the exuberant patterns on their latest line of majolica tableware, said to Victoria and Richard, "With you, more is not enough." They are in the studio twelve hours, sometimes even twenty hours a day now. "We never get tired though," says Richard. "We never get tired because we love our work." (MacKenzie-Childs, Ltd., Aurora, NY 13026; 315-364-7131) ▲



The MacKenzie-Childses turn bagels into napkin rings and carrots into mock candles





CLOCKWISE FROM TOP: MICHAEL MUNDY (2); MONICA STEVENSON; MICHAEL MUNDY; MONICA STEVENSON

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A graphite-blackened pot from Swaziland stands among an assortment of African vessels.

African Earth

A collection of indigenous pots retains the imprints of unknown artists

BY NADINE GORDIMER

There are a few fine paintings in this house but when I look around to see what means most to me, my eye returns to my pots. The pictures are mainly European—I "married into" them so to speak. The pots are African, and my own collection. They were not inherited, found for me by any dealer, bid for at any auction. They were bought at roadsides and village markets under trees. They were viewed at no vernissage, but among little pyramids of tomatoes, onions, bananas and mangoes. They have no provenance beyond my memory of where I found them. They are unsigned and I do not know if the artists are living or dead.

What is the relation of ownership to appreciation, I wonder? Since the great private collections of works of art must belong—because these people can afford to pay for them—to the very rich, we jealously dismiss their appreciation as acquisitiveness. Because the shrewd and affluent middle class buy works of art as investment we decide pleasure doesn't come into it; they have price tags hanging on their walls. As democrats we assert the honest way to enjoy art is at the humble cost of a museum entry ticket. Art ought to belong to everybody, and this is the closest society can get to making it available to all, as a right, while preserving it for the benefit of all. (And, of course, some museums are free.) There's a moral convention that ownership must be punished by an inability to receive what the work of art has to offer.

But, looking at my pots, I realize that the special relationship I have with them doesn't come because I *own* them—ownership implies a market value or prestige, of which qualities they are innocent. It comes because I have the luxury of looking at them again and again, days without number, from the different perspectives of my daily life, in the objectivity of the different qualities of light that fall upon them, and in the subjectivity of my own moods. Leonardo da Vinci's *Virgin of the Rocks* is a painting I might choose as my favorite picture, but what chance do I have to drop in to the National Gallery in London more than once a year to renew my sense of the divine in her face?

Seen from the top of the stairs my pots strike me as a sort of keyboard—resonators of a musical instrument—where they are ranged on their low table. Or a choir. Their round apertures are open mouths, and the different circumferences of these, according to the size of the pot, suggest that they are actually mouthing, soundlessly, in close harmony: WAH wah WAHWAH wah-h... If I were to become sensitive enough to them, through long association, I might even be able to begin to hear it with my eyes and transpose the notation to my ears. Seen differently, at eye level, as you enter by the front door, the pots are pure volume; round, round-round, the ellipses of their sides—but they have no sides, their spheres simply curve out of sight!—seeming to spin immobilely away from one another. They are ranged close but however clumsily I might shift them about they cannot be arranged faultily, so that they jostle: their roundness ensures that they touch only lightly, at their fullest diameter.

How can I write about one among my pots? In the anonymity of their creation—unattributed, traditional, functional in origin—they are, in a sense, all one pot.

Unlike other works of art, they do not attempt to re-create something in another medium: pigment on canvas creating a language of line and color that stands for shape, space, and light; marble standing for flesh. They are the earth they are made of. They are its colors—the colors of fields, swamps, and riverbeds. Their common material is mediated only by fire, and on many of them fire has painted the only decoration, cloudy green black shadings and inspired black brushstrokes sparse as those of Japanese masters. The fire is not the controlled one of a kiln, but the same open-air one where the cooking pots bubble. They are shaped not on a wheel but by hands; their surface texture has the faint striations of human skin. When you put your hand against my pots

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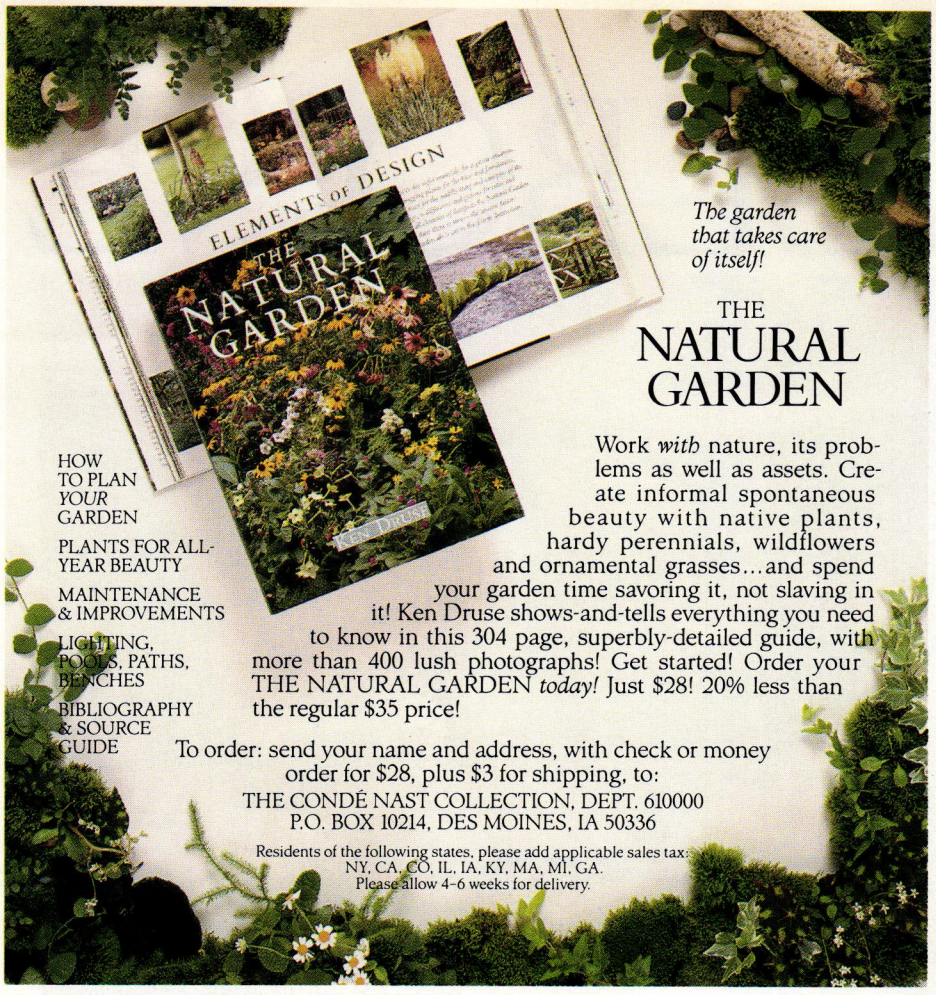
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you are palm to palm with the artist.

They are all as perfect, removed from their function, as they are *for* their function—which would be to hold water, maize, porridge, or beer. They simply *are*. Their form can take on many concepts, material and abstract. Globe of the world/planet earth; I twirl the large ones slowly. Hunger/repletion; I look down the inner maw or follow the promise of plenty in their calm rotundity. The big one I bought in Lesotho I held on my lap coming home by plane, thighs spread for its weight and arms around it for protection; a pot grand as a full womb. Then there is the little one that comes from Swaziland, blackened with the application of graphite from local outcrops, with its unique molded ear shapes in low relief. There is the one I found in Venda, with its incised curving bands, delicate as the veins on a leaf, and there's the very old one, its mouth not at the apex but obliquely tipped in balance, below, and its pale grave-clay tints.

But I have put the Lesotho pot up on the desk before me and I know what I did not know until I began to think about my pots in the way one thinks anew of something one is going to write about. This pot is my favorite. Or rather, it favors me by answering some need. Perhaps it makes visible and concrete some proportion and wholeness I can't attain in my life. It's a large pot, yes, and the material of which it is made provides not only its shape but also its decoration. The base of sunset-rose clay is met at the widest part of the belly by dun bronze clay and is smeared over it in sweeping upward strokes to form a calm garland of curves, like four suns rising above or sinking below a dim horizon. Its wide mouth is rimmed with the same sunset color. The outline of the suns is not neat, and if I turn my pot I see gradations of color, like the heart of flames, round its base. It stands firm if I rock it, and yet I know that integral to its beauty is its fragility, a thing of the earth meant to return to the earth. Enjoy it until it breaks.

To write about something is to remake it. I am now closer to my pot, to the maker of my pot, dead or alive, than I have ever been. ▲






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Summer Stock

When family and friends get together, picnic fare earns rave reviews

BY GENE HOVIS



I always think of summertime as a lighthearted season that officially announces its arrival with a big bang on the Fourth of July with lots of fireworks and picnics. Weeks later, when Labor Day rolls around, summer marks its exit with more fireworks and picnics. The time in between is usually spent attending relaxing get-togethers under sunny skies. The American way of enjoying the warm weather has not changed very much over the years. Summer has always provided many opportunities for families and friends to throw outdoor parties where fun and relaxation are the primary objectives.

Picnics were taken very seriously in the small North Carolina town where I grew up, particularly my family's annual summer reunion. Friends, neighbors, and relatives came from all over by car and on foot to participate. The women, in their colorful flowered prints and floppy hats, looked as if they were dressed for a garden party; the men wore their best Sunday go-to-meeting suits topped with stiff-brimmed, ribbon-banded straw hats called boaters.

Neighbors and relatives came from all over by car and on foot

A favorite setting for our gathering was Tucker's Grove, a large meadow surrounded by oak and linden trees. Named for Mr. Tucker, a staunch old family friend, the sprawling grass-covered expanse was dotted with picnic tables and benches, and enough shade trees to keep everyone comfortable.

Each family packed their food in huge laundry baskets that doubled as picnic hampers. There were no holds barred in the eating department: the tables, covered with red and white checked tablecloths, were heaped with a vast array of regional favorites. A bird's-eye view of the scene would have revealed, among other home-cooked delights, chowchow (cabbage relish), watermelon pickles, pepper jelly, pickled okra, potato salad, country baked ham, baked chicken, coleslaw, cucumber salad, and beefsteak tomato and red onion salad. For dessert, there were sweet potato pies, fruit cobblers, coconut cakes, homemade ice cream, chocolate fudge, and every imaginable kind of cookie. To quench our thirsts, there was an unlimited quantity of iced tea and chilled lemonade on hand. Even though each family brought its own food, people visited friends and kinfolk at other tables to sample and gorge, reminisce and gossip, and also to exchange recipes. Nightfall brought the party to an end because, while Tucker's Grove had great natural beauty, it lacked electricity. No one seemed to mind, however, since by the time the sun went down, the picnic hampers resembled Old Mother Hubbard's cupboard.

While I was in high school, my friends and I occasionally got together for outdoor summer reunions, each participant responsible for bringing one dish. I don't recall who originally produced the baked bean casserole, but I found it irresistible and have since made it part of my culinary repertoire. Another favorite was a mixed grill consisting of three different sausages—kielbasa, veal sausages, and frankfurters—cooked on a charcoal grill. To embellish the hot dogs was an assortment of chili, chopped onions, mustard, relish, and grated cheese. One of our best-loved desserts was sliced pears with Gorgonzo-

KAREN BARBOUR

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except chopped parsley. Toss with the cooled potatoes, mixing well but gently. Season to taste with salt and pepper. Line a 10–12 cup mold with plastic wrap, leaving an overhang of plastic around top for easy removal. Transfer potato salad to mold, pressing it down gently. Refrigerate for several hours. Unmold on a round platter and peel off plastic wrap. Garnish with parsley. Serves 10–12.

BAKED BEANS

½ pound bacon
1 cup finely chopped onions
½ cup dark brown sugar
½ cup catsup
¼ cup bourbon
4 cans pork and beans, 16-ounce size

Preheat oven to 350 degrees. Chop bacon and place in a heavy-bottomed skillet over medium heat. Cook until partially crisp. Add chopped onions and continue cooking, stirring from time to time, until onions are limp and transparent. Stir in brown sugar, catsup, and bourbon. Add beans and mix well. Transfer to a 3-quart casserole and bake 1½ hours. Serves 8–10.

COLESLAW

1 medium white cabbage
1 medium red cabbage
1 large carrot, coarsely grated
1 teaspoon sugar
½ cup mayonnaise
3 tablespoons finely chopped shallots
3 tablespoons chopped parsley
2 teaspoons Dijon mustard
⅓ cup sour cream
1 teaspoon celery seeds
Salt and freshly ground pepper

Cut heads of cabbage in half, place in a bowl of cold water, and refrigerate 1 hour. Drain well. Shred cabbage finely and place in a bowl. Add grated carrot and sugar and toss. In another bowl, combine mayonnaise, shallots, parsley, mustard, sour cream, and celery seeds. Add to shredded cabbage and toss well. Season with salt and pepper to taste. Refrigerate until ready to serve. Serves 6–8.

LEMON POUND CAKE

1 slice white bread, crusts removed
4 tablespoons (½ stick) soft butter

Batter

1 cup (2 sticks) butter
2 cups granulated sugar
2 cups cake flour (not self-rising)
2 teaspoons baking powder
5 large eggs
½ cup buttermilk
1 tablespoon grated lemon rind
1 tablespoon lemon juice
1 teaspoon vanilla extract

Simple Syrup

⅓ cup sugar
⅓ cup lemon juice
⅓ cup water
3 tablespoons grated lemon rind

All ingredients should be at room temperature. In a blender, make fine breadcrumbs from slice of bread. Grease a 10-inch tube pan with butter and sprinkle bottom and sides evenly with breadcrumbs, tapping out excess. Set aside. Preheat oven to 350 degrees.

In a large mixing bowl, cream butter and sugar until light and fluffy. Sift flour and baking powder and set aside. Add eggs to butter-sugar mixture one at a time, beating well between each addition. Add buttermilk alternately with flour mixture in three steps, beginning with buttermilk. Mix in lemon rind, lemon juice, and vanilla extract. Transfer to the prepared pan and bake 1 hour or until top springs back when lightly pressed. While cake is baking, prepare simple syrup. In a small saucepan, combine sugar, lemon juice, water, and grated rind. Bring to a boil just until sugar is dissolved.

When cake is done, remove from oven and let cool in the pan on a rack for 15 minutes. Cover pan with the rack, turn pan and rack over, and remove pan. Cover with another rack and carefully invert again to finish cooling right side up. Brush top and sides with syrup. Serves 10.

FRESH PEACH ICE CREAM

12 ripe peaches
4 cups superfine sugar
½ cup lemon juice
2 tablespoons grated lemon rind
4 eggs
6 cups half-and-half
2 cups heavy cream
2 tablespoons vanilla extract
½ teaspoon salt

Dip peaches in boiling water for 1 minute and then into cold. Peel skins and cut into quarters. Place peaches in workbowl of food processor with the steel blade in place. Add 2 cups of the sugar, lemon juice, and lemon rind. Process with a few on-and-off turns until pureed. You may have to do this in two batches. In a large mixing bowl, beat eggs until light. Add remaining 2 cups of sugar and beat until mixture becomes very thick. Add remaining ingredients and mix thoroughly. Add peach puree and blend well.

Fill freezer can of ice cream maker (not more than three-quarters full, since space is needed for expansion) and proceed with freezing according to manufacturer's instructions. Makes about 1 gallon. ♠



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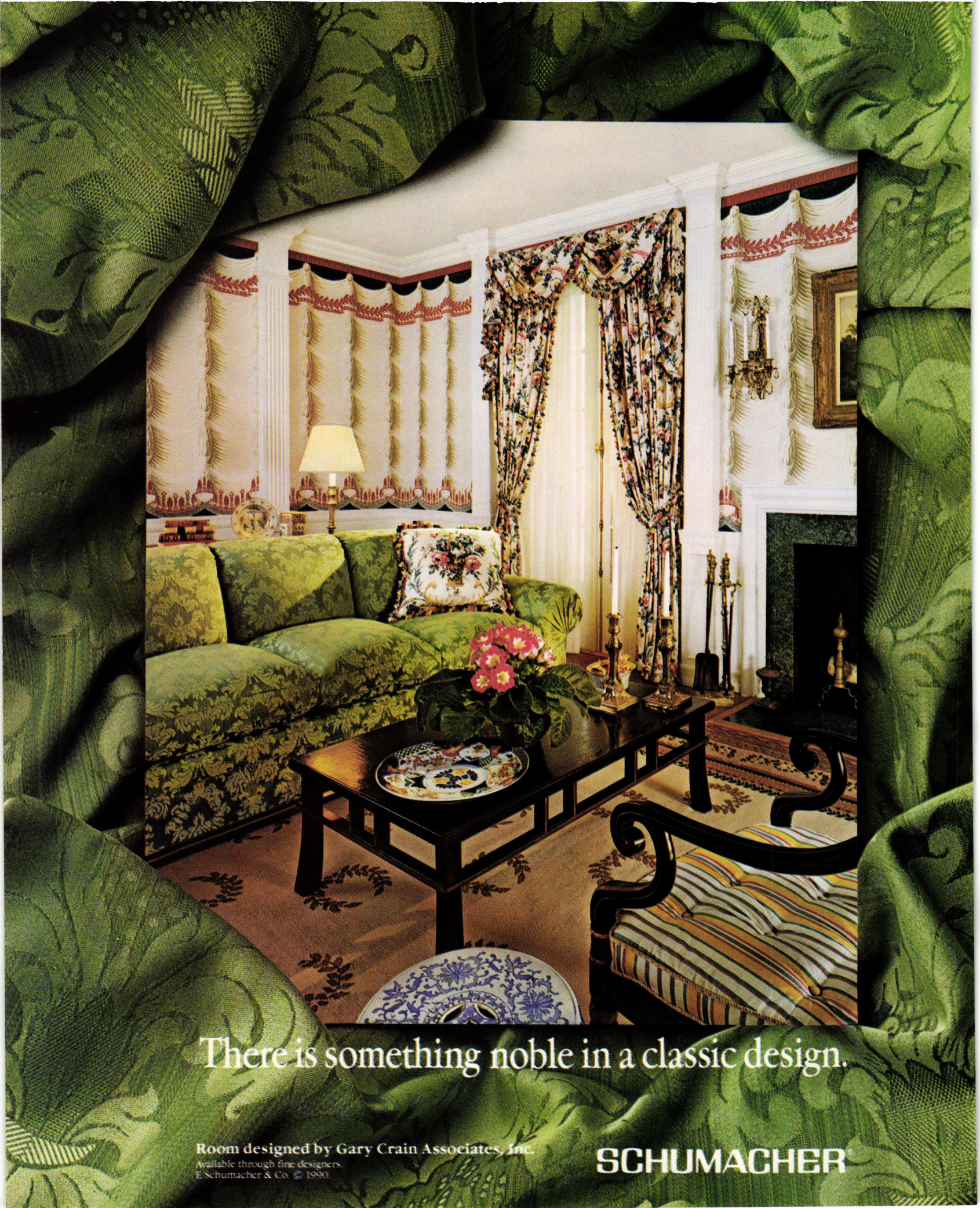
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Editor's Page

JULY 1990

IT'S NOT OFTEN THAT I GET TO VISIT HOUSES BEFORE THEY ARE PHOTOGRAPHED for the magazine. Usually I rely on scouting shots, the unromanticized photographic records brought back by HG's widely traveled editors. But I have twice now had the extraordinary experience of venturing into the landscape of buildings that Frank Gehry has created in the Brentwood section of Los Angeles. This assortment of structures at first registers not so much as a house but as a dazzling array of sculptural volumes. Inside, there are vaulting spaces, unexpected angles, and lots of light-filled air. With its challenge to our traditional notions of domestic space, the Gehry compound raises tantalizing questions about how the concept of luxury will evolve during the next century. An entire continent separates Gehry's avant-garde adventures from the federal-style Connecticut house decorated by architects Peter Shelton and Lee Mindel and the Nantucket beach house by Mark Hampton. Both these projects reflect our current thinking about elegant weekend and vacation living where simplicity, quality, and comfort reign. Similarly, the noted San Francisco designer Charles Pfister, featured this month in a profile by architecture editor Pilar Viladas, uses rich materials and subtle detailing to scale the heights of sophisticated restraint. Weekend stays are also addressed in our piece on guest rooms produced by New York editor Catie Marron. Writer Edmund White catalogues such generous offerings of well-placed hosts as biscuits and bedside clocks, reading glasses on a ribbon, and a lady's maid to press and repair clothes. The moral of all this? Venturing out into the world is always filled with rewards.



Frank Gehry's living/dining pavilion and lap pool for Rockwell and Marna Schnabel's L.A. residence.

TIMOTHY HURSLEY

Mary Novogrod

EDITOR IN CHIEF

Finishing Touches



A master of faux finishes surrounds herself with the real thing in her Nantucket house

By Marcelle Clements

Photographs by William Waldron



Green and white toile graces the walls, windows, and armchairs in Dorothy Slover's drawing room, which also features a trompe l'oeil floorcloth painted by Slover and craftsmen from the Isabel O'Neil Studio. *Left:* Lucinda Young designed a traditional garden for a traditional house. Details see Resources.



Beguiling surfaces will often conceal shoddy workmanship, but these



interiors are more than stage sets

IT'S AN ATTRACTIVE METAphor, but is it really true that houses are like people? For instance, do they yield themselves to their friends? Do they have structural peculiarities that reveal themselves in stylistic tics? Does the relationship of the façade to the interior offer, as with human beings, many surprises? And what about surfaces? Sometimes walls, floors, tabletops, chair coverings lie about the real life of the house. You might say that the surfaces of a house are its interior façades—sometimes they're dishonest, sometimes they're earnest, and sometimes they're just kidding.



Slover, base-finishing a miniature cupboard, *above*, used a salmon glaze on the living room walls, *left*, to complement Rose Cumming's Garden of Allah floral chintz. Throughout the house, restrained painted effects enhance patterns that Slover selected with Ronald Grimaldi of Rose Cumming.

Surfaces. No house has more of them than the Slover house on Main Street, Nantucket. Or so one fancies, anyway, in the environment created by Dorothy Slover, a director and teacher at the Isabel O'Neil Studio, the distinguished school of faux finish techniques. One expects trompe l'oeil everywhere. What is real here and what isn't? The house abounds with enticing objects and materials and surfaces. Which are which? What is a painted finish and what is truly tortoise, bamboo, lapis, wood, marble?

After a while, the brain forgets to order the eye to be on the lookout for tricks. Or maybe it's that the visitor has solved a philosophical problem: of course everything here is real, whether it's fake or not. In fact, when you look closely you see that most of the painted objects and wall surfaces only suggest another visual reference. "There are degrees of how realistic you want it to look," says Dorothy Slover. "Sometimes you want something to have just a flair, just the idea of marble, and sometimes you want it to look exactly like marble."

Conceived as a second home for her Washington-based family, this house is endlessly playful. The wit of some of the effects is *almost* immediately apparent: a conventional striped wallpaper in one of the upstairs bedrooms turns out to be neither conventional nor striped nor paper. Slover painted on the stripes—or rather, glazed the walls and then, with her hands wrapped in cheesecloth, manipulated the surface to form stripes. Other artifices are exquisitely subtle. The downstairs hallway, for instance, which traverses the house, is painted in five different shades of pink, getting darker toward the front of the house for a more formal effect.

The library is an extraordinary repository of painted finish techniques: "I've always wanted to do an entire room in faux bois," says Slover. The stunning gilding of the picture mold-



Rose Cumming's Dreams of Paradise fabric on the dining room walls is accented by silk moiré curtains with a Scalamandré lining that is echoed on a pair of armchairs. The centennial English dining table and Irish Chippendale chairs are from Agostino Antiques, NYC, and the chandelier is from Nesle.





ing was done by another teacher at Isabel O'Neil. On a reproduction tray table, a cluster of tortoiseshell objects tantalizes the visitor. Bona fide or fake? Impossible not to pick one up and examine it: only a suggestion of tortoise. "That was one of my first pieces," says Slover, "but the others are real."

These visual puns are merely flourishes in classically beautiful rooms whose character, warmth, and elegance are inviting by any standards. The faux finishes are actually used with considerable restraint: here and there an astonishing painted segment beckons the eye, but for the most part walls are treated with glazes whose singular textures only the connoisseur will instantly register. The fabrics are sumptuous—each room was designed around a pattern Slover picked out with Ronald Grimaldi of Rose Cumming. Window treatments are elaborate and dramatic, rug designs are unabashedly audacious. Here a girandole, there a fu dog, everywhere silks, tassels, mock-splattered floors. Profusion. "I wanted it to be froufrouy," Slover says.

The froufrou has so much presence that it takes a while to become aware of the handsome structure behind it. Usually a conspicuously beguiling surface will hide shoddy workmanship, but this is no mere stage set. "They call the style of the house Greek revival, but I say it's federal," says Slover. "We have bought a piece of history and it's our responsibility to care for it." The original structure, which now constitutes the back of the house, was built in 1780, whereas the main part of the house was built in 1830. It has been renovated several times in this century, most recently by the Slovers, but in all of its stages the high quality of materials and workmanship that typify Nantucket architecture prevailed. Over a period of three years the Slovers and a team of craftsmen stripped the clapboard, reshingled, replaced molding, renickeled all the doorknobs, and installed library-quality cabinets in the kitchen. They also converted the attic into the master bedroom and added a garden room overlooking traditional English flower beds designed by Lucinda Young.

Froufrouy the house may be, but its hidden self is solid, sound, generous. To put it another way—if you do indeed believe that houses are like people and need to be reassured about human nature—a seductive exterior may conceal nothing but a heart of gold. ♠

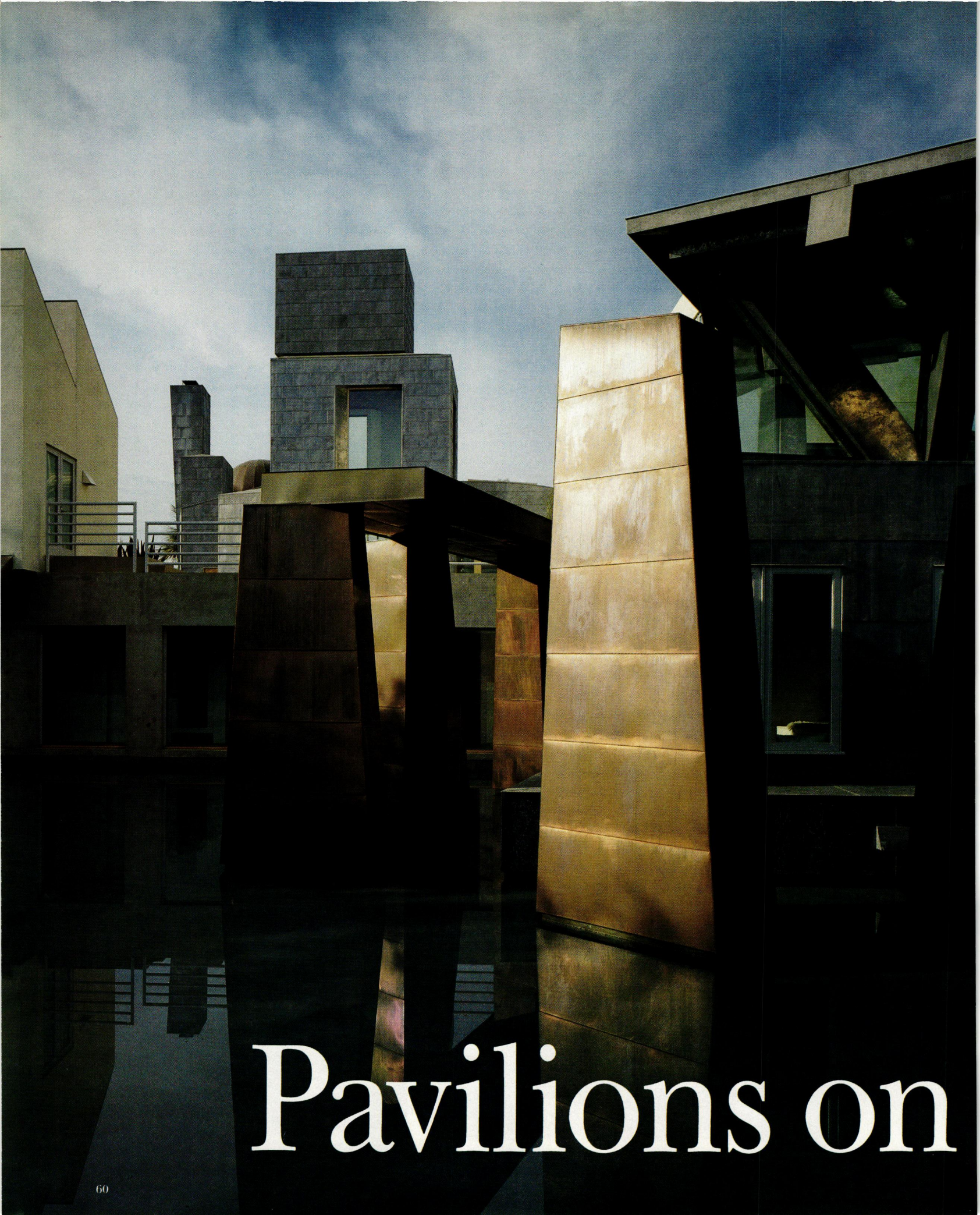
Editors: Carolyn Sollis and Anne Foxley

Slover painted and glazed the walls of one bedroom to resemble peach fuzz, *above,* and, with her fingers wrapped in cheesecloth, pounced and striéd the freshly painted violet walls of another, *opposite above.* The chintzes in the two bedrooms and in the maid's room, *opposite left,* are from Rose Cumming, the bed linens from Wamsutta. *Opposite right:* A new garden room off the 1780s wing offers views of the English-style flower beds.

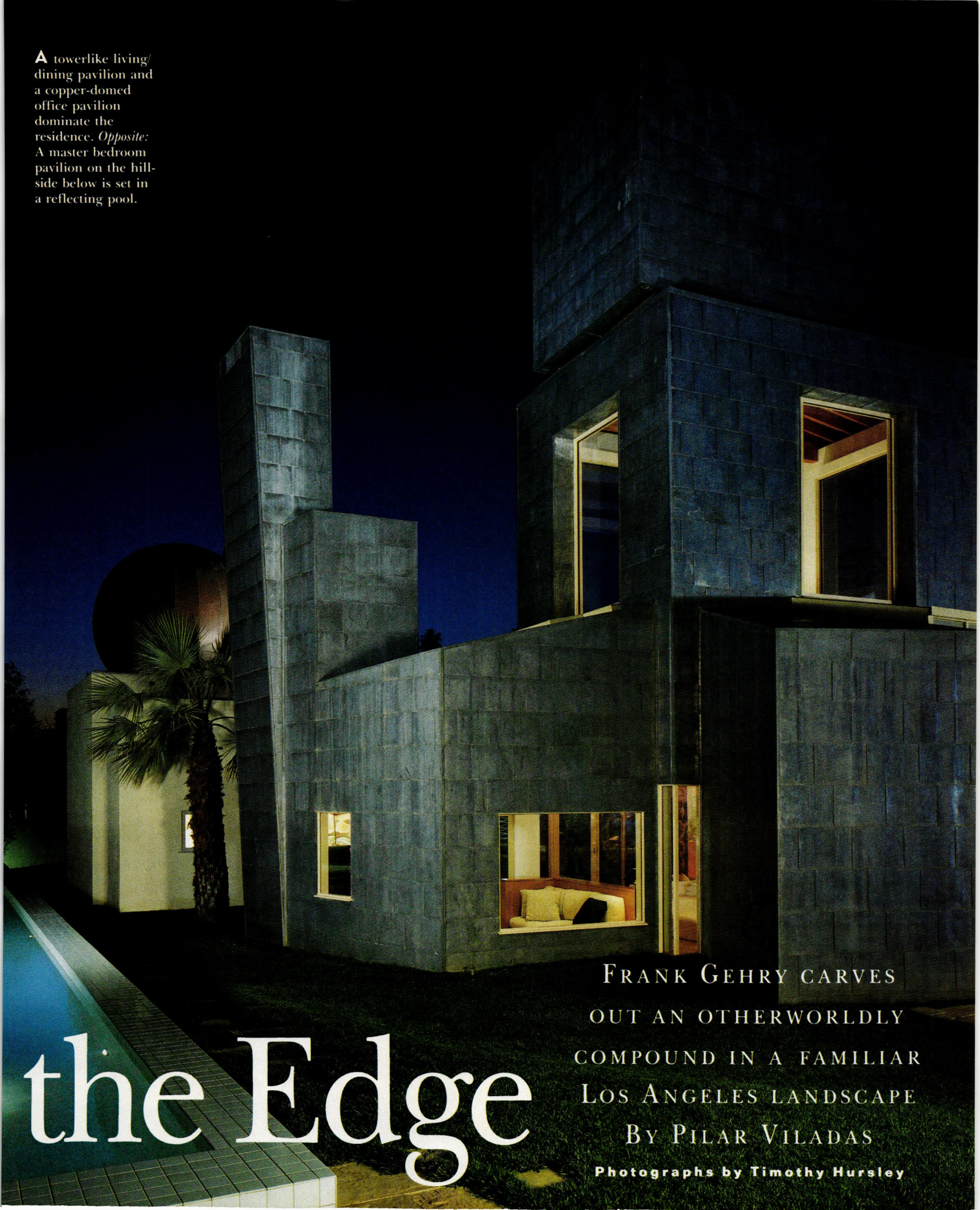
"I wanted it to be froufrouy," says Slover. But it's also solid







Pavilions on



A towerlike living/dining pavilion and a copper-domed office pavilion dominate the residence. *Opposite:* A master bedroom pavilion on the hillside below is set in a reflecting pool.

the Edge

Frank Gehry carves out an otherworldly compound in a familiar Los Angeles landscape

By Pilar Viladas

Photographs by Timothy Hursley

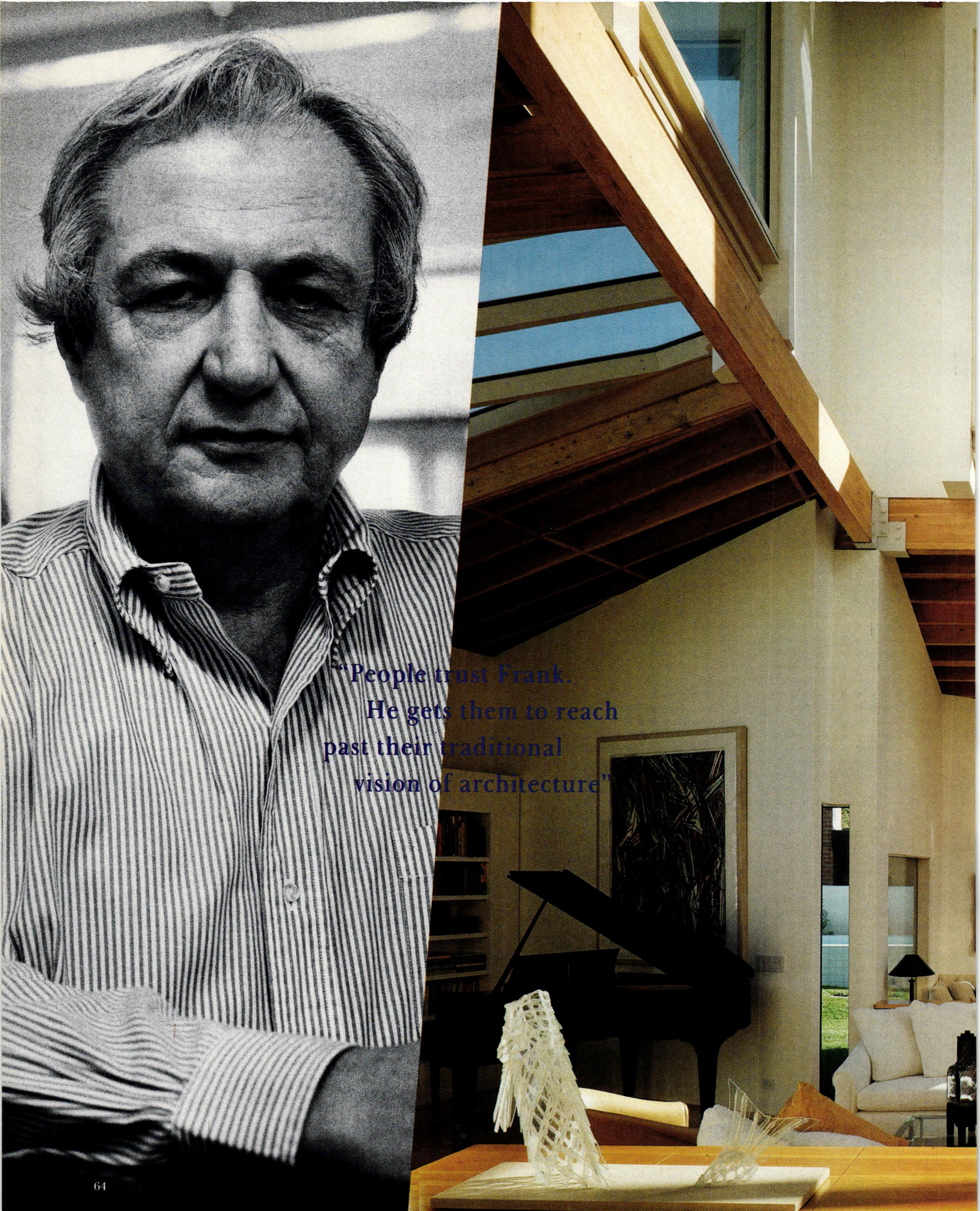


At the end of a winding street in Brentwood, Rockwell and Marna Schnabel's house stands out from its mock-Tudor, quasi-colonial, and rambling ranch-style neighbors—or rather, it stands back from them. Behind a white stucco wall with a massive copper gate, what looks like a mini-cityscape looms in the distance: a stucco box rotated slightly atop the garage; a copper dome flanked by a tall white chimney; the top of an iridescent gray metal tower.

Inside the copper gate, the rest of the "village" reveals itself. To the left of a stone walkway, a deep border of native plants and flowers stretches along one wall; to the right, exotic grasses grow in the shade of an olive grove. Just beyond the grove, the building with the copper dome (inspired by the Griffith Park Observatory) houses an office. At the end of the walk, the towering form, clad in lead-coated copper with a silvery blue gray sheen, contains living and dining areas; the boxy stucco building next to it holds a kitchen, family room, and two children's bedrooms. Across the backyard, a saw-



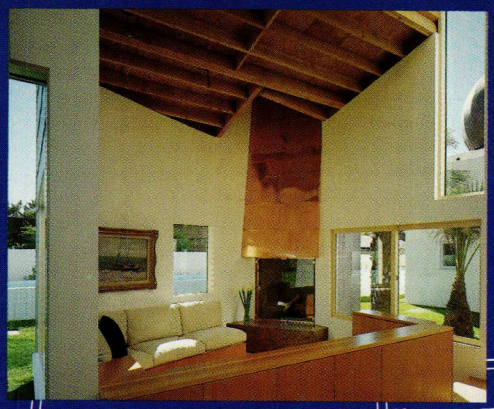
The entrance to the office pavilion is flanked by a pair of copper columns. *Opposite:* A long walkway between a lushly planted border and an olive grove leads to the living/dining pavilion.



"People trust Frank.
He gets them to reach
past their traditional
vision of architecture"



A tower of windows and skylights tops the living/dining pavilion, whose exposed roof structure and humble materials are balanced by an elegant palette and accents like a copper fireplace hood and coat closet. *Opposite:* The portrait of Frank Gehry is by Alice Springs. Details see Resources.

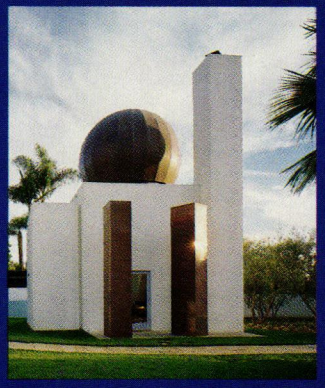




The front door of the living/dining pavilion, *below left*, opens onto the living area, which is flanked by the sitting area, *far left*, and the dining area, *left*. Built-in cabinets serve as room dividers, as do level changes.



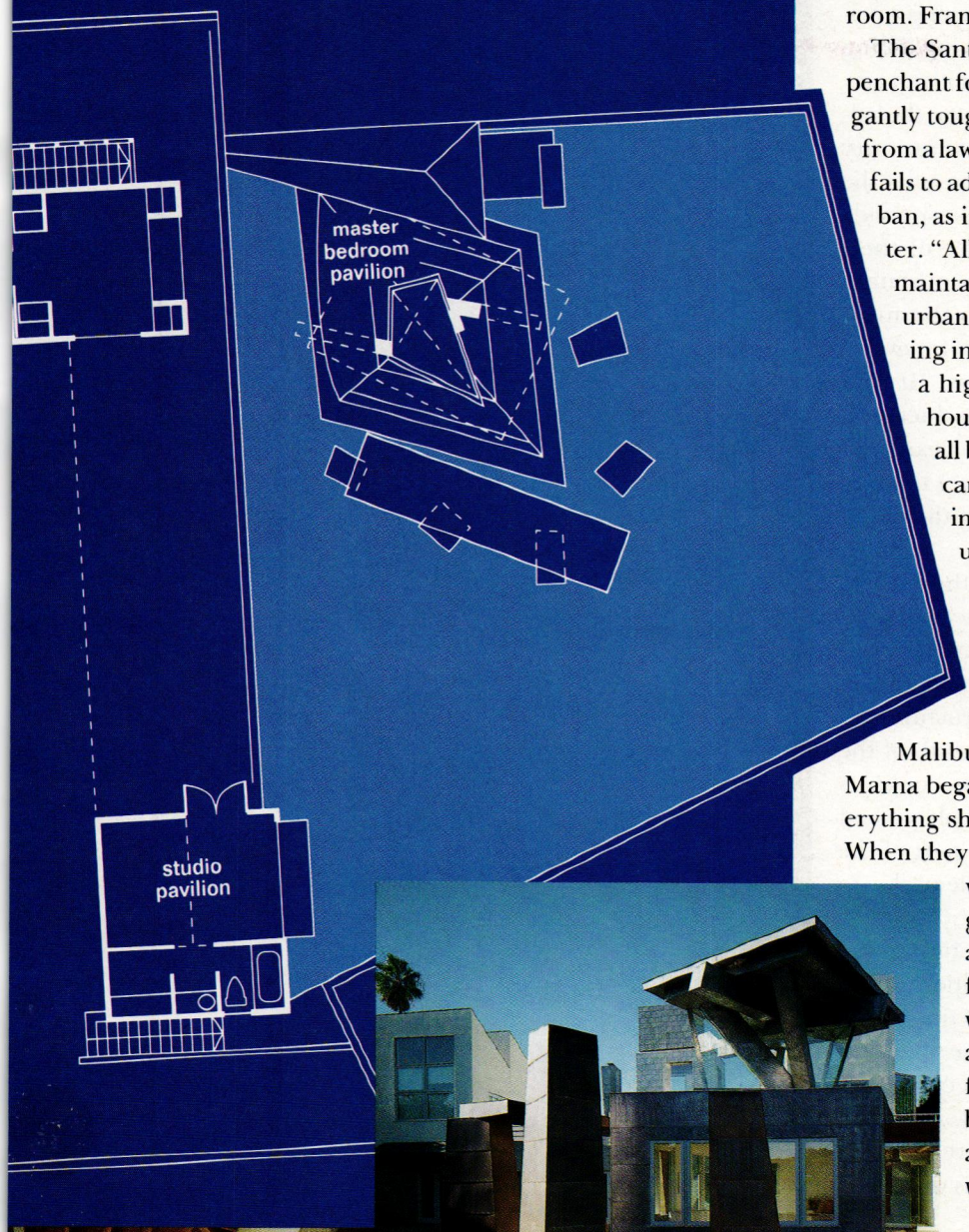
A grove of olive trees and a blue-tiled lap pool help to enclose the forms of the office pavilion, *right*, and the living/dining pavilion, *far right*. The living room's chimney projects from the side of the pavilion at a slight but arresting angle. Down the hill is the skylight tower of the master bedroom pavilion.





PLAN BY MORRIE BROWN

"What I wanted was a little city with a courtyard"





Copper columns surrounding the master bedroom pavilion, *above* and *left*, act as perspectival devices and lend a sense of protection. An exercise room and master bath are carved into the hill on the same level; the kitchen/family room pavilion is visible above.

tooth stucco building contains a studio. The yard looks down the hill to another structure in lead-coated copper, with a curved prowlike side and a massive beamed skylight tower, set in a shallow reflecting pool. Half barge, half tree house in appearance, the building accommodates the master bedroom. Frank Gehry strikes again.

The Santa Monica architect has indulged his well-known penchant for breaking up a single building into a series of elegantly tough, discrete sculptural pieces on projects ranging from a law school to a guesthouse. And in doing so, he never fails to address the context at hand, whether it is grittily urban, as in the former, or pristinely arcadian, as in the latter. "All my work has been a metaphor for cities," Gehry maintains. But in this case, the neighborhood's semisuburban selection of pseudohistorical styles offered nothing into which he could sink his contextual teeth. So, in a highly uncharacteristic move, Gehry turned the house inward, walling it off from its surroundings on all but one side (the sloping east side, with its view to a canyon beyond), creating an ensemble of "pavilions in a garden," in the architect's words, for a couple of unusual clients and their three children.

Rockwell Schnabel is currently undersecretary for travel and tourism; before that, he was ambassador to Finland under Ronald Reagan. When the Finnish post came through, the idea of commuting to and from their house in Malibu seemed too daunting to the Schnabels, and Marna began looking for something closer to town. But everything she saw seemed to her "too quaint, too overbuilt." When they found a vacant lot in Brentwood, she knew just whom to call. While her children were still in grade school, Marna had pursued a degree in architecture at the University of Southern California, after which she went to work for Gehry, whom she'd met through a mutual friend, the artist Charles Arnoldi. She was struck by an office model of a house that Gehry had designed but never built—a series of one-room buildings arranged like a small village. "What I wanted was a little city with a courtyard," she recalls.

The design was worked out while the Schnabels were in Finland; one of Gehry's meetings with them there profoundly affected the finished product. "We met by a lake, and it was so beautiful that we decided to capture that feeling," explains the architect. Consequently, Gehry moved an exercise room and the master bedroom down the hill from the rest of the house, setting the master bedroom pavilion in its reflecting pool, rather like a boat floating in that Finnish lake. This also gave the other pieces of the residential village more breathing space. Although Gehry was unable to separate all the buildings as completely as he and his client had hoped (only the garage, the office pavilion, and the studio pavilion are totally freestanding), he made sure that they seem barely to touch, con-

necting them only by means of doorways or corridors, and underlining the visual distinction among the various parts by covering them in contrasting materials.

As a result, each room has, as Marna reports, "a different personality. You live differently in each one. The kitchen/family room is the 'messy' one. The master bedroom is a private retreat, serene and filled with light. The living/dining room is more formal than the other buildings, but it's an airy pavilion." Moreover, the balance between community and private space suits the Schnabels well—especially now that all three of their children have returned, temporarily, to the nest. "The house works for everyone," Marna says. "It isn't that big, but the fact that there are no common walls between the rooms means you don't need big spaces—you can have smaller ones that are completely private. Frank's idea of pulling apart the buildings creates buffer zones."

With its prowlike side and massive tower, the bedroom pavilion seems half barge, half tree house

As lean and powerful as these buildings are on the outside, they are light and comfortable on the inside. The living/dining pavilion, for example, is punctuated with skylights and large windows, one of which frames a view of a palm tree in the distance. Gehry's preference for revealing structure and humble materials, evident in the exposed wood studs of the ceiling and the fir plywood of clean-lined cabinets, contrasts with more luxurious touches, such as a copper fireplace hood and coat closet in the living room. Nearly every part of the house offers views to other parts—a Gehry trademark—to maintain a sense of the composition as a whole.

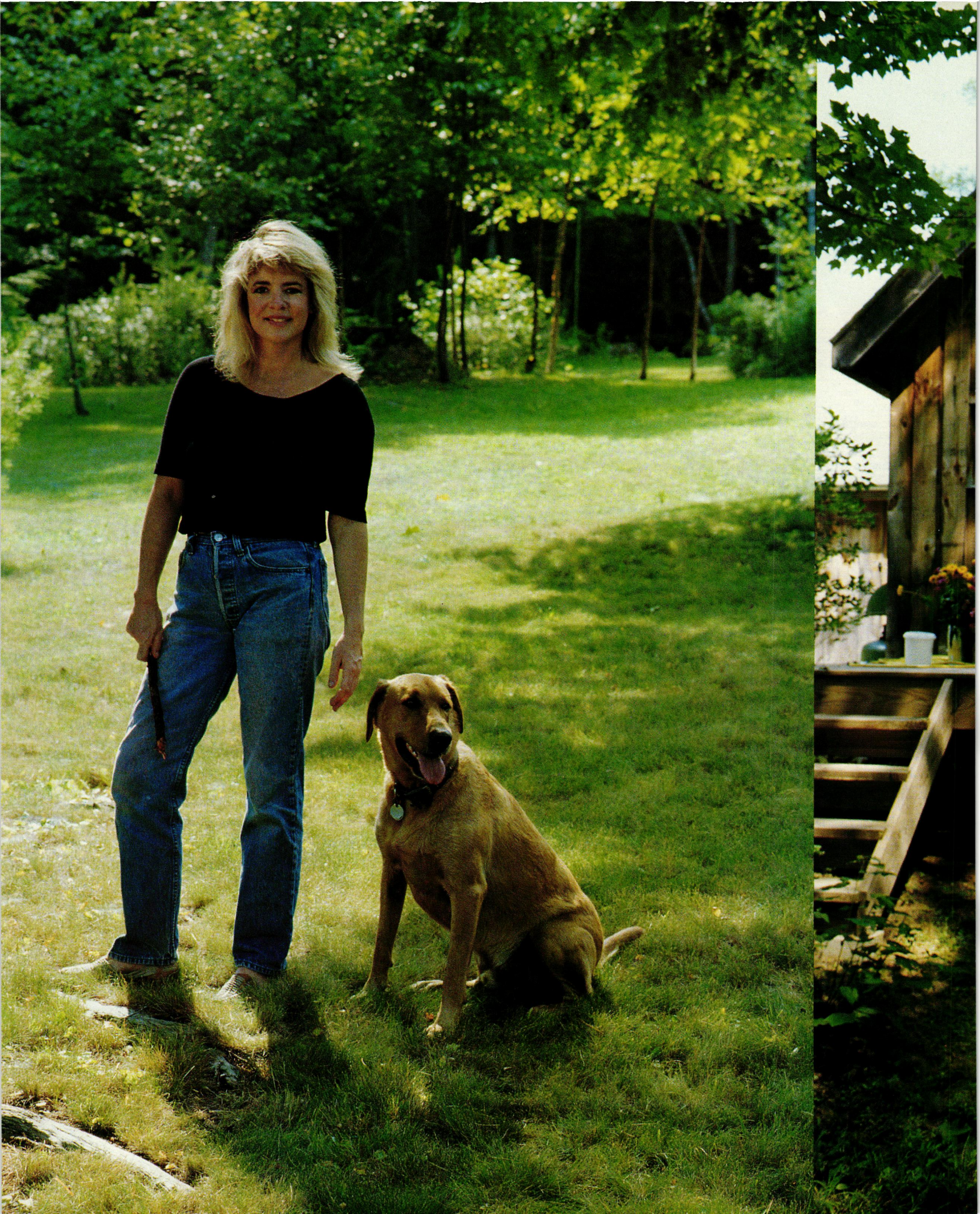
Given her architectural background, it seems fitting that Marna was responsible for much of the decoration of the house. She worked closely with Kevin Daly, one of the project architects, on the design of cabinets and built-in seating, and with decorators Susan Niven and Kathleen Hunt on materials and furnishings in warm tones of white, gold, and black that offset the understated furniture. "There were frequent meetings of minds," recalls Marna, "and as soon as we moved in, Frank was in there moving furniture around."

Of course, the outdoor spaces of this little village were just as important as the interiors. Santa Monica garden designer Nancy Goslee Power created a landscape that is as strong as the buildings it encloses. "I wanted to carry out Frank's design, in which things are a little edgy. You can't put little roses around here; an English border would have been absurd," she says. There is a border—the one along the front walk—but there's nothing English about it. Hardy, drought-resistant plants, such as the spiky ground cover *Senecio serpens,* orange canna, bird of paradise, kangaroo paw, and a sword-leaf flax, help fill in Power's palette of purple, orange, bronze, and gray. Moroccan gray grass grows under the olive trees in the grove, as do *(Text continued on page 136)*



Set on a heavy plinth in its reflecting pool, the master bedroom pavilion resembles a barge. By night as well as day, the warmth of the interior offsets the muscular severity of the exterior. A corridor leads back to the exercise room or upstairs to the kitchen/family room pavilion.







Maine Attraction

Offstage, Stockard Channing is drawn to New England's rugged coast. By Vance Muse

Photographs by Michael Mundy

SHE HAS FORGOTTEN EXACTLY WHO put it this way, but Stockard Channing agrees with the guest who described her house on the coast of Maine as looking as if it were built by a sophisticated Viking with a chain saw. This northland dwelling, situated on the wooded edge of a vast sea cove, manages to be both rough-hewn and refined. "It's a handmade house that follows both ecological and Palladian principles," says Channing. "It's wonderful to be here by yourself when it's just you and the outdoors. But it works well when there are lots of people around, too, and I think that's unusual."

The house has been essential to Channing's happy return to the East Coast from California. (So has her work on the New York stage—in her Tony-winning role in *Joe Egg* and in *The House of Blue Leaves* and *Love Letters*.) "The one thing I missed about California was the outdoors," says Channing, who was introduced to Maine by the artist Carl Palazzolo, a friend with whom she shares the house. He had spent most of his summers in Maine and, through friends there, had met John McLaughlin—the Viking with the chain saw—who designed this house for himself fifteen years ago. He invited Channing over, and setting foot inside, she knew she had found her spot.

Stockard Channing, *opposite*, with Nabby, who accompanies her on walks in the woods. *Left:* The rustic timber house, designed by John McLaughlin, was once an ashram.

McLaughlin had used the house as an ashram (the New Age dawned early in Maine), and he advised the new occupants on the "energy flows" throughout various rooms and on their harmonic proportions. He cites Rudolf Wittkower's *Architectural Principles in the Age of Humanism,* though his own architecture surely has as much to do with good intentions and good vibrations as it does with the canon of classical geometry. "I wanted an enormous interior in which an individual could be alone and not feel overwhelmed," says McLaughlin. The proportions are indeed cozy yet also generous; this house can accommodate as many people as some Gilded Age mansions in Bar Harbor. That suits

Channing fine. Her domestic ideal, according to Palazzolo, has always been to have "her own quiet room in a house full of people."

For Channing the house became a collaboration between friends. She and Palazzolo met in the 1960s, when she began acting while attending Radcliffe and he was a student at the School of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. Says Channing: "Carl and I have created spaces before—lofts in Boston and in New York's Garment District—and we've developed a strong aesthetic together. We trust each other's decisions. In Maine we both knew what had to be done and essentially camped out until we got it right."



Birches, oaks, poplars, and pines lead to water's edge.

Though each brought pieces from other places, other lives—a linen-curtained bed from her last house in California, a green-painted pine worktable from his first New York studio—they have culled most of the furnishings locally, from flea markets, antiques shops, roadside vendors, and at auction. The collection leans toward American country and primitive, but perhaps eclectic most accurately describes this roundup of Stickley chairs, a Gothic revival headboard, bent-twig rocking chairs, a pair of pony-skin art deco club chairs, and an iron chandelier that drips candle wax onto a sleek dining table.

Her ideal has always been her own quiet room in a house full of people

For Palazzolo, the acquisitions are ongoing and experimental. "I was always dragging things home as a kid," he says, "surrounding myself with colors and shapes and textures." Channing would rather read, cook, sleep—anything but shop. "But I know I'll like what Carl finds," she says. Thinking again, she adds: "If not, it goes upstairs." She is referring to Palazzolo's bedroom, a repository of camp blankets, dozens of toy birchbark canoes, overlapping Navajo rugs, State-of-Maine souvenir bears, out-of-print books (consecutive editions of *Emily Post's Etiquette,* studies of North American Indian burial practices), and arts and crafts pottery. Surprisingly perhaps, there is virtually no art hanging in this or any other room. "There are windows instead," says Palazzolo, whose paintings often obliquely address the view of the water and the woods.

Channing's room is spare, simple, and monochromatic. "The only color is in the Paul Heroux vase," she says, pointing out a piece made by one of Maine's finest ceramists. On an early nineteenth century pine side table, a white arts and crafts vase holds a bunch of birch twigs. "Unlike Carl, I won't be adding to my room," she says. "It's done as far as I'm concerned. Changing things around would be a burden. The beauty of being here is that there's so little need to dress anything up."

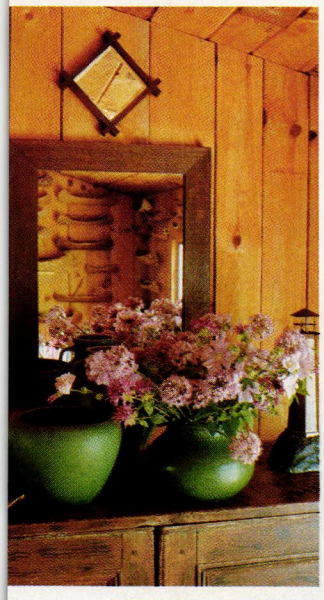
Wide-plank decks nearly surrounding the house provide the best vantage point for the landscape work of Dennis Croteau, Channing's other collaborator. "With his knowledge of horticulture and visual sense, he reshaped the grounds," she says. Croteau, a painter and sculptor who died last year, manipulated the rolling rock-studded acres, thick with white birches, beach plums, lilies, and grasses, into a civilized—not manicured—landscape.

Together, the three friends realized Channing's ideal of a year-round country house. "What I was looking for," she says, "was a total retreat from the city. I didn't want Aspen or the Hamptons. I wanted something rural, not a resort." That is not to say remote: by plane and by car, the journey here can take less time than driving the length of Long Island on a Friday night. But even downeasters refer to this point of land as "real Maine." To get here, you rumble past an eighteenth-century graveyard, a lean-to garage studded with antlers, an 1855 meetinghouse, a mobile home or two. "It doesn't really require a great effort," Channing explains, "but you feel as if you've come a long way."

Channing goes about her days in Maine doing absolutely nothing, or everything, depending on your idea of activity: a major one is watching the ins and outs of the tide. Another is birding, with pileated woodpeckers all around, and goldfinches, scarlet tanagers, purple martins, blue herons. Much time is given to planning and fixing dinner (cookbooks along the shelf above the stove are stained with olive oil and scorched). "Time here is unfettered," Channing says. "It's for collecting yourself, conversation, reading—and thinking about what you've read—lighting a fire, and looking into it." The outdoors is of course an irresistible draw. "I'm not at all athletic, but I love the outdoors, the feeling of being eight years old, getting up early, yanking on a pair of shorts, and heading out." Days can seem long, and when night has fallen, dinner's done, and fires are stoked, people begin to drift off to bed. Sleep comes easy. Says Channing: "It's the most soporific of places." ▲ *Editor: Babs Simpson*







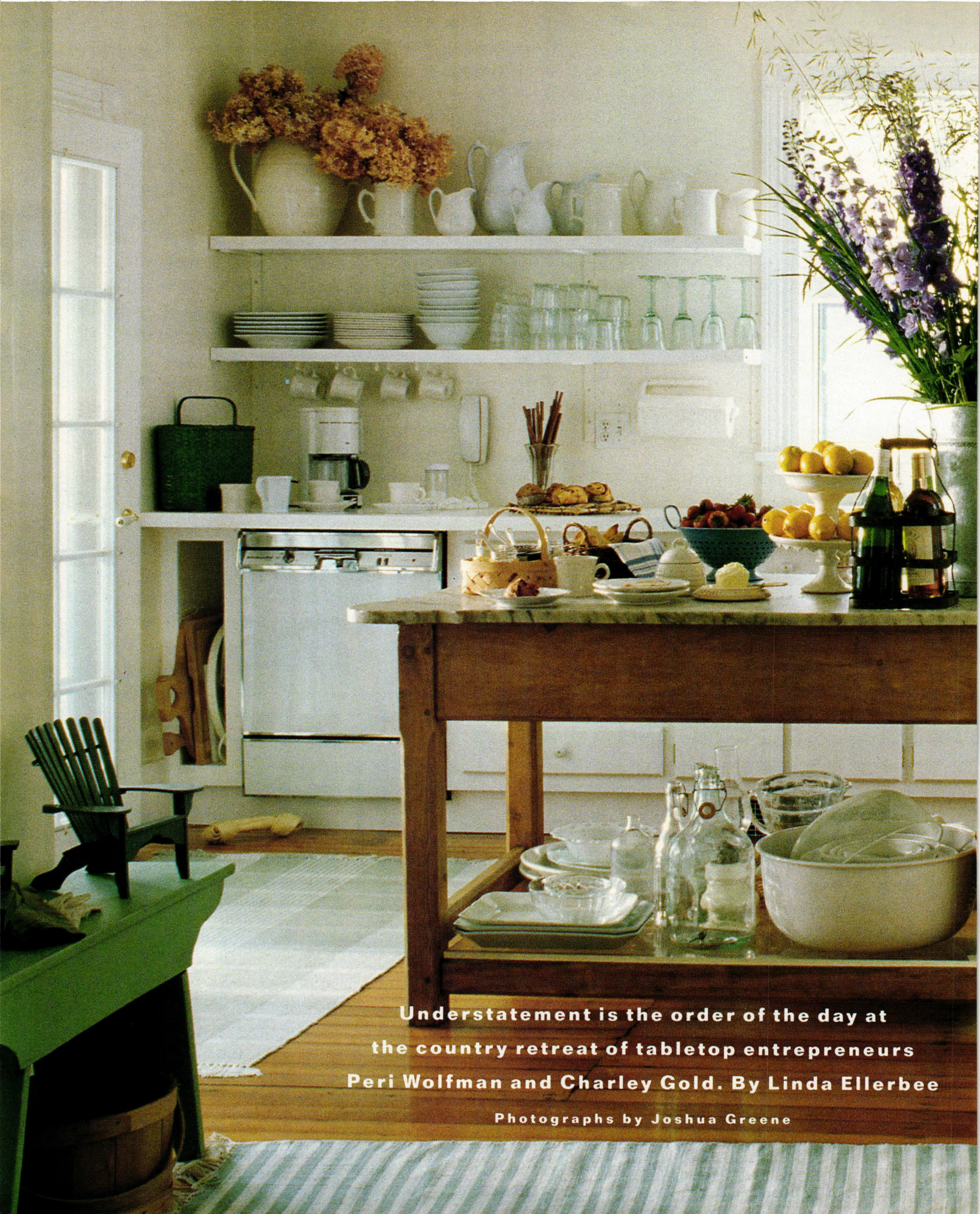
Stickley chairs are pulled up to a 19th-century tavern table near the living room wood stove, *above*. The vase is by Monty Smith, the bowls by another Maine ceramist, Paul Heroux. *Right:* An early 20th century wicker desk and reed backpack in a guest bedroom. The green Weller urn on the landing holds horn-handled cutlery. *Below:* A Heroux vase stands beyond linen bed curtains Channing brought from her last house in California. *Left:* Folk art light-house lamps of the 1920s flank arts and crafts pottery atop a grained country chest in Carl Palazzolo's bedroom.





When Palazzolo's collection of camp blankets outgrew the foot of his bed, he hung some on the wall and scattered others over furniture such as the mission-style chair. An old Pendleton chief's blanket covers the twig bed and toy birchbark canoes hang above a twig tripod. Navajo rugs add to the mix of colors and patterns.


OLIVIER



Understatement is the order of the day at the country retreat of tabletop entrepreneurs Peri Wolfman and Charley Gold. By Linda Ellerbee

Photographs by Joshua Greene

Household Effects

ACROSS THE ROAD FROM ME IN THE more or less extinct village of Van Deusenville, Massachusetts, is a plain and fancy farmhouse where every weekend Peri Wolfman and Charley Gold, two plain and fancy friends of mine, ignorantly and quite blissfully live a lie.

Let me explain.

I come up here to relax. So do Peri and Charley—or so they say. But to me, relaxing is a weekend spent in a hammock watching the mountains grow, while Charley's idea of relaxing is to put in one herb garden, plant two apple trees, build three new shelves, construct four vine wreaths, and grill five fatted calves for six close friends. Peri? The woman has been known to mop for relaxation. Says Peri, "What is not fun in the city *is* fun here."

Peri Wolfman and Charley Gold, *below left,* unwind outside their Berkshire Hills barn. *Left:* The kitchen, with its open shelves, ample counters, and French baker's table, provides the perfect setting for Wolfman and Gold's still lifes of white china, ironstone pitchers, and miniature chairs. Details see Resources.

I tell you, it wears me out watching them have so much fun, but I have to admit their place shows their care. And their spirit. The house—a small two-story turn-of-the-century Victorian painted white—is special, very special, beginning with its pink door. "I got so tired of all those New England red doors," says Peri. "I wanted a silly color."

From the start, Peri and Charley have been different from my other neighbors. "We came up here because I decided I needed a fireplace," says Charley. "I had to have a fireplace." When they moved in, the house had already been rewired, replumbed, and in general made up-to-date, so there weren't a lot of changes left to take care of. Just the little things. Like the fact the house had no fireplace. Naturally, they added one, also adding the two windows that flank it. They then found the mantel in an antiques shop in the Hamptons on Long Island, which is a long way from the Berkshire Hills.

The fireplace, a pair of sofas, a table Charley built, and a



few lamps fill up the less than spacious living room. "Sure it's small," says Charley, "but so are we. We have two not-so-big sofas for two not-so-big people to curl up on and read. What more do you need?" Right, only I have yet to see either one of them do anything so lazy as curling up to read. It doesn't matter, though. Their not being on the sofa leaves room for me to curl up and read when I visit, which is often.

I love the vanilla light that fills the rooms, bouncing off shiny wood floors and natural linen-colored walls in a way that makes the simple seem sophisticated. There are no bright colors in this house, no important plants, no overwhelming piece of anything. Just comfortable furniture that looks as if it had been born and raised right here. Thrice-washed rag rugs in faded colors of blue, green, pale rose, and old white join pieces and bits of lace, cotton, denim, ticking—all as pillowcase-soft and appealing as the contents of your grandmother's linen closet. Upstairs the walls, the beds, the tables—everything—is covered with, well, if you didn't know better you'd swear it was your big brother's shirts. Blue and white checks, blue and white pinstripes, blue and white plaids predominate. The bedside lamps are topped with your big sister's handkerchiefs and tied with your Aunt Alice's best silk ribbon. Layers pile on top of layers on top of layers, all of it put together in the kind of artless way that is an art unto itself. And it works. Annie Hall could wear this house.



On a weathered porch chair, *above*, a scalloped linen seat cover ties in a crisp bow. *Top:* Gold's orderly collection of rakes lines the walls of the barn.

"We didn't want a major decorating statement here. The place just evolved, the same way we did," says Charley, who with Peri owns Wolfman-Gold & Good Company in New York, a tableware store that isn't just tableware. Charley, a food photographer, and Peri, a decorator, met, fell in love, moved in together, and, while unpacking, discovered that they both collected white hotel and restaurant china. From that came the store and from the store came their book, *The Perfect Setting*, a tableware book that isn't just tableware. Next came the farmhouse. "The house is, in a way, an experiment for the store," says Charley. "The things we buy in the country that don't work in our house end up in the store. Also the things that do work here end up in the store." "And," adds Peri in a way that makes sense to her if not to me, "the other way around and the other way around."

The white china that started it all is everywhere in their house. In the kitchen it's in plain view on open shelves—another good example of how Peri and I are different. "We took out the cabinets because closed cabinets make a room look smaller," says Peri, "and, besides, you tend to put pretty things away and never use them, but the main point is it's cleaner: when you have all your dishes out, you really have to wash them. Often." Now, I come from the wash-'em-when-you-use-'em-and-to-hell-with-in-between-times school of dishwashing, but, dammit, her kitchen, which is smaller than mine, does look bigger, not to mention cleaner.

The furniture looks as if it had been born and raised right here. Annie Hall could wear this house

Then there are all those little chairs. "Charley built a bench for the hall and we were trying to figure out what to put on it that would be different. We went to an antiques show and saw a small chair, smaller than a child's chair but too big for a dollhouse. It started our collection. Some of them are salesmen's samples from the late 1800s, some come from playhouses, and some were built just because someone loved to whittle. Now there are little chairs here and little chairs in our store." And, I might add, Charley's learned to repair and build his own little chairs.

From Charley's work as a photographer came the notion of a house composed of dozens of vignettes. "When you photograph food," he explains, "you're always missing the most important ingredient that whets the appetite—smell—and so the picture, to succeed, has to entice people visually. It has to be a little piece of art. A still life."

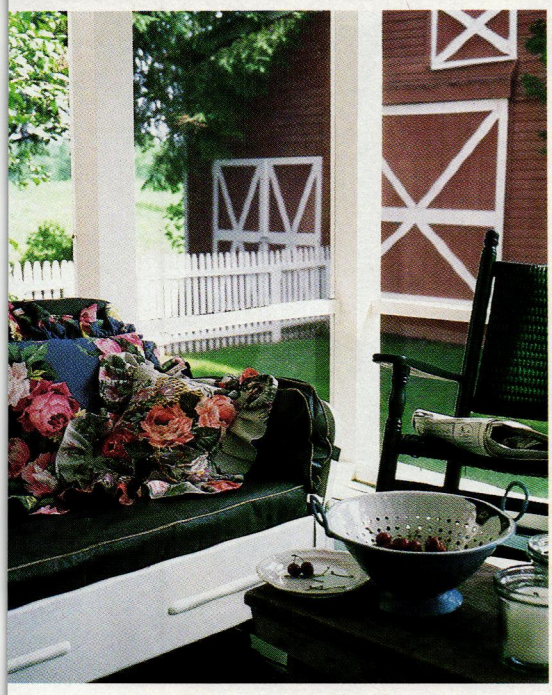
Somehow it all meshes—the photography, the store, the house, and, of course, the people. And Charley's right about the vignettes. No matter where you look in their house, your eye is never bored. I can't decide whether my favorite is the French marble-topped baker's table in the kitchen, with its glass and china thingamabobs holding goodies to eat or smell or just look at, or if it's the pine buffet in the dining room where stacked cake stands frame a miniature replica of the house itself, silly pink door and all. I guess I would have to say it's the front of the old red barn with its upstairs window curtained in white lace. White lace in a barn. How plain and fancy can you get? A perfect little still life from two friends whose lives, no matter what they tell you, are never ever still. ♠

Editor: Jacqueline Gonnet



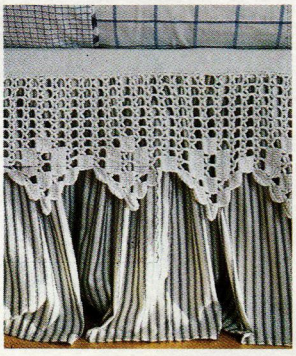












The calm and collected look. *Clockwise from top left:* A table by Gold centers the living room. An antique birdhouse perches on a sill in the barn. The façade of the turn-of-the-century house. The screened porch set for lunch with tableware from Wolfman-Gold & Good Company, NYC. Twig chairs cluster under trees in the backyard. Lampshades are topped with lace-edged napkins in the master bedroom. A trio of textures and patterns mingle on the side of the bed. A bulldog doorstop holds open the front door. Wolfman and Gold bought their vintage glider from a farmer down the road.





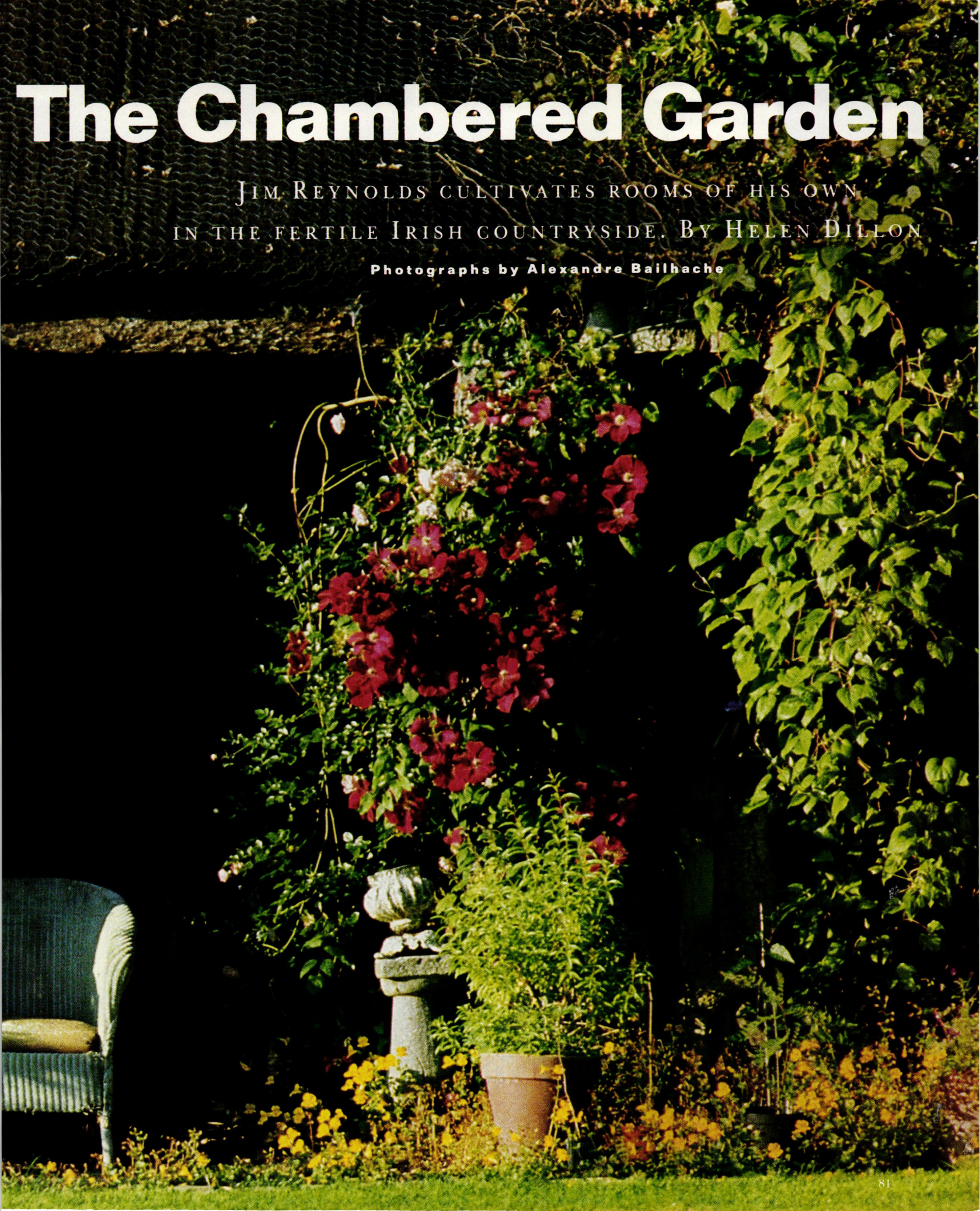


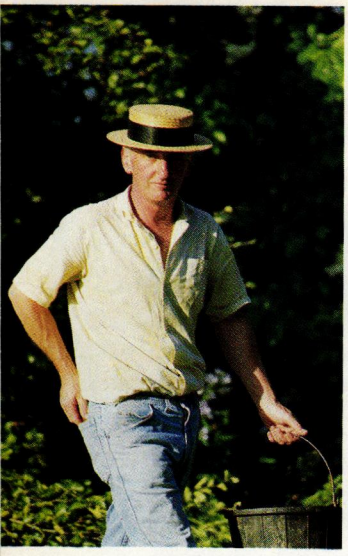
Jim Reynolds attends to the golden hop that climbs over his rustic summerhouse at Butterstream. Crimson *Clematis rehderana* 'Rouge Cardinal' blooms against one column, and yellow mimulus gilds the edge of the croquet lawn.

The Chambered Garden

JIM REYNOLDS CULTIVATES ROOMS OF HIS OWN IN THE FERTILE IRISH COUNTRYSIDE. BY HELEN DILLON

Photographs by Alexandre Bailhache



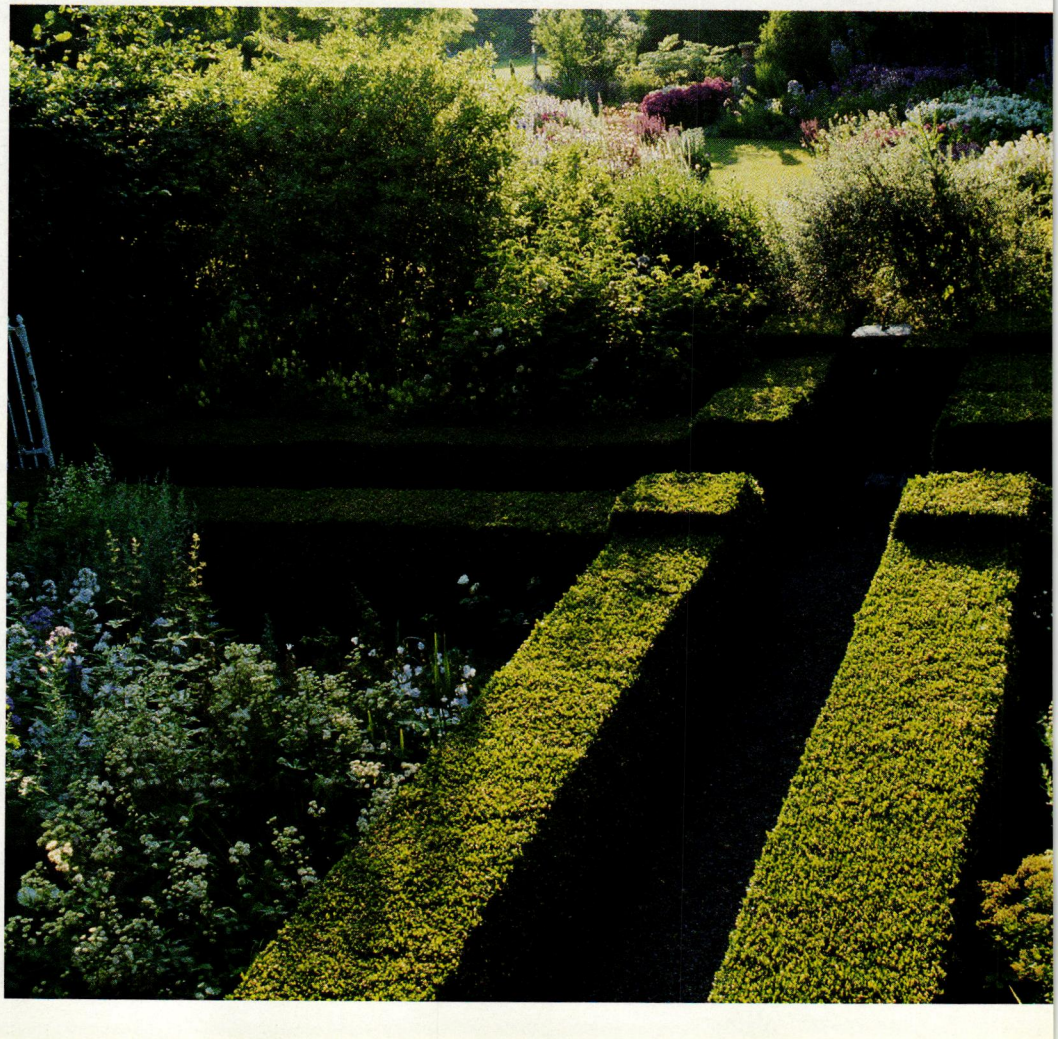


ON THE OUTSKIRTS of the historic town of Trim, as the road leaves the new houses and starts to meander through the rich farmland of County Meath, a small turning leads down a tree-lined drive. You could easily pass it by and miss a garden—made during the past twenty years by one man, Jim Reynolds—that may well be the most imaginative in Ireland. If in your dreams you have ever wandered through a garden created only to enchant its guests, Butterstream may remind you of it.

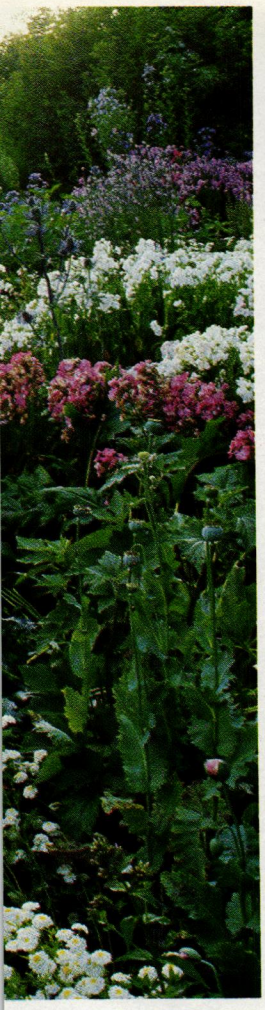
All is still concealed from view along the drive until you take a left turn through a wrought-iron gate into a green open-air antechamber. A narrow entrance through the high beech hedge sets the scene for the prologue to Jim Reynolds's divertissements: just visible beyond a curtain of rambling roses is a far pavilion (surely inhabited by a Mughal princess). The planting here is nearly, but not quite, wild: primulas, astilbes, ferns, and hostas—hostas clustered as never before, their ribbed and undulate leaves forming a wave of patterns. If a visit to the pavilion doesn't tempt you, then cross the Irish Gothic bridge on the right, but stop halfway over and look upstream to watch the light filtering down through the trees onto more primulas and bronzed young rodgersia leaves.

Had you turned right in the antechamber, you would have entered a little garden of hot colors: the yellow and





A green path winds among dense perennial beds, *above right*, on the way to the formal pool and Tuscan temple, *opposite above*. Potted box topiaries and standard bay trees in tubs are arranged on Liscannor stone paving. *Right:* Clipped box defines the geometry of the white garden. *Far right:* Silver artemesia, white *Campanula persicifolia*, and white-petaled feverfew are a pale foil to blue delphiniums, a scarlet single opium poppy and a pink double, and pink and white phlox. *Above:* Reynolds with bucket and boater.





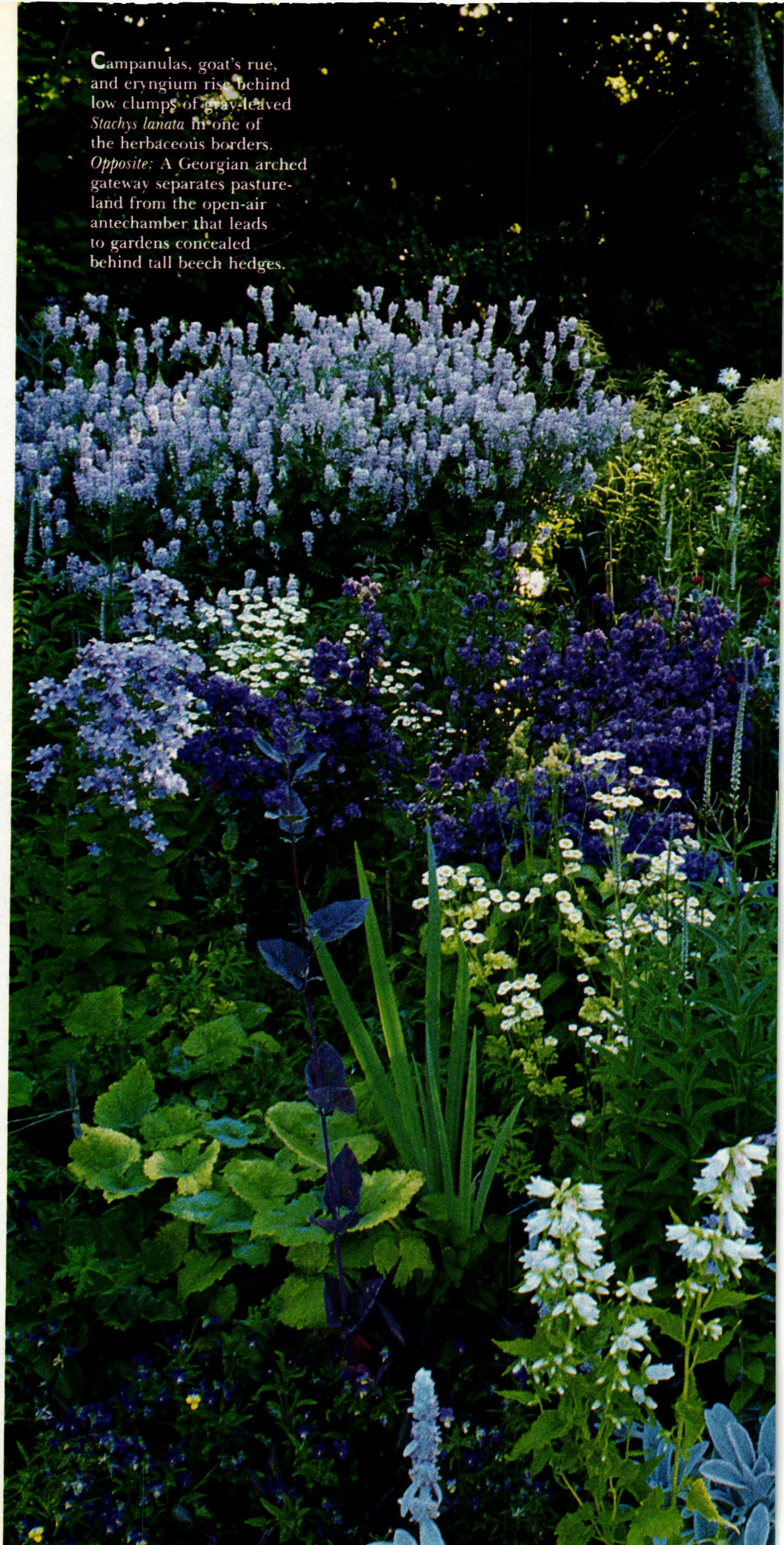




apricot of daylilies, the scarlet of lychnis and *Crocosmia* 'Lucifer', the purple foliage of *Ligularia dentata* 'Desdemona', the glowing orange of *Lilium* 'Enchantment'. All these warm hues assume greater brilliance against the plain green of the beech hedge where another narrow opening shows the way to the garden of old roses. Damask, gallica, Bourbon, and moss—here are roses allowed to grow in glorious profusion, their lanky stems contained and tidied by the strong neat green of clipped box. Even their colors seem old-fashioned: amaranth, burgundy, magenta, crimson, and the pink of sugared almonds. Whether it recalls a slain princess ('Souvenir de la Princesse de Lamballe') or the garden of an empress ('Souvenir de la Malmaison'), what memento is more evocative than a rose?

Almost as an interlude after this banquet of scent and color, Butterstream's next garden is all in white—white delphiniums, agapanthus, and tall campanulas. But this is a white garden with a difference, its monochrome palette subtly enhanced by the addition of pinkish green astrantias, silver onopordums, campanulas in palest blue, and the smart green and white stripes of ribbon grass. Again, high walls of beech and straight paths bordered in restraining box give formality to the design. On leaving the white garden, you encounter the peaceful tableau of an old water pump and an ancient stone drinking trough—there perhaps for visual refreshment before catching sight, way ahead, of the most splendid herbaceous borders.

Wide grassy paths sweep past drifts of interlinking color in the borders. There is no beginning or end, as one may wander around island beds in any direction or linger to admire the skillfully orchestrated ebb and flow of blue, white, yellow, mauve, and many a shade of pink. High notes of globe thistle, goat's rue, delphiniums in blue and pink, the handsome goatsbeard, and the plume poppy are repeated in bold groups, while further repetitions of purple salvia, tall *Campanula lactiflora* in lavender blue, and pastel phlox unite the scheme. The rich *(Text continued on page 136)*



Campanulas, goat's rue, and eryngium rise behind low clumps of gray-leaved *Stachys lanata* in one of the herbaceous borders. *Opposite:* A Georgian arched gateway separates pastureland from the open-air antechamber that leads to gardens concealed behind tall beech hedges.



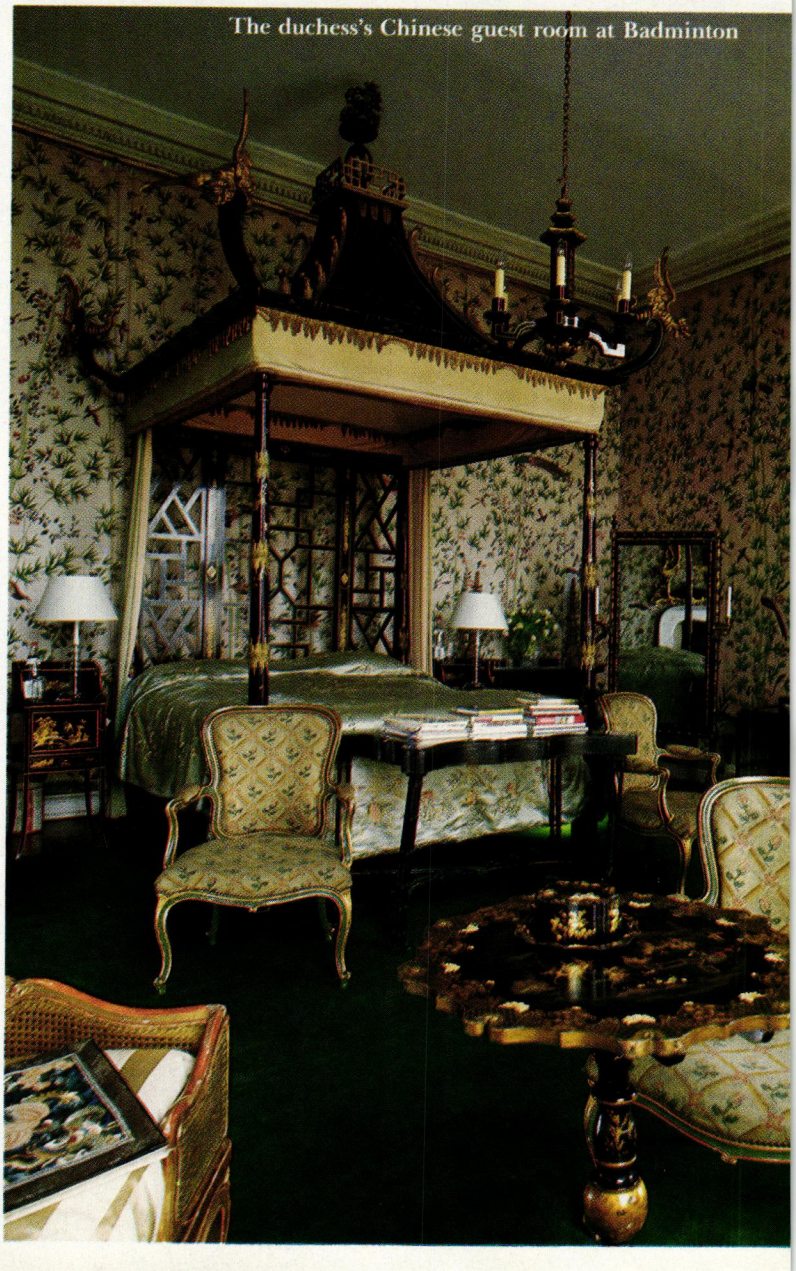
Over-night Success



The duchess of Beaufort



Nan Kempner juggles hostessing duties with the greatest of ease

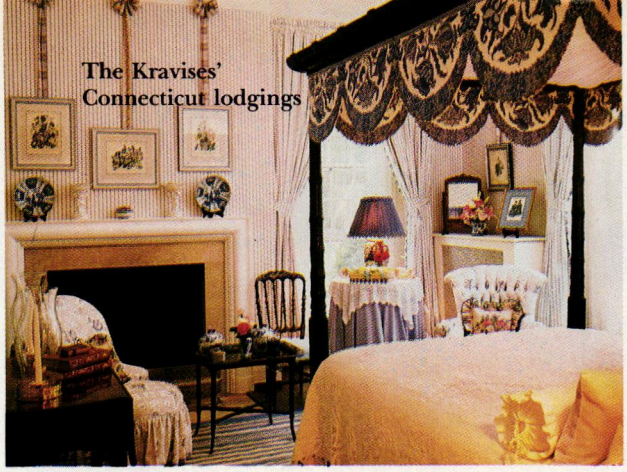


The duchess's Chinese guest room at Badminton

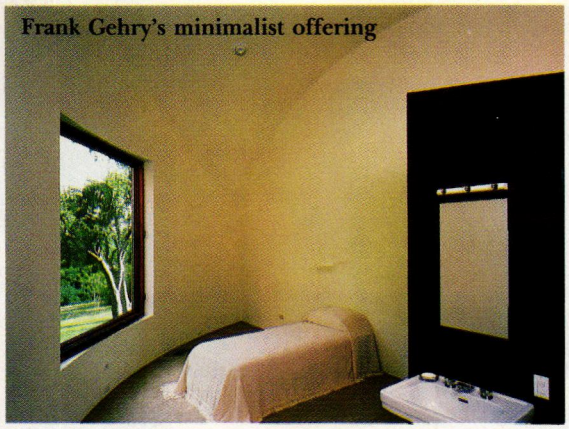
Hosts with style tell why their weekend invitations are sought after by the most discerning guests

By Edmund White

Produced by Catherine Marron

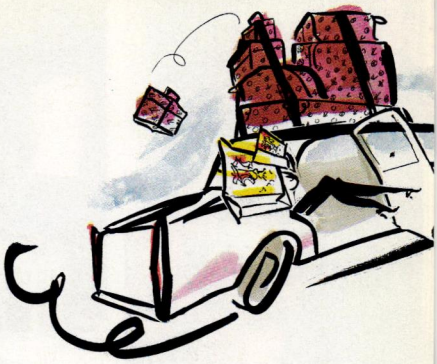


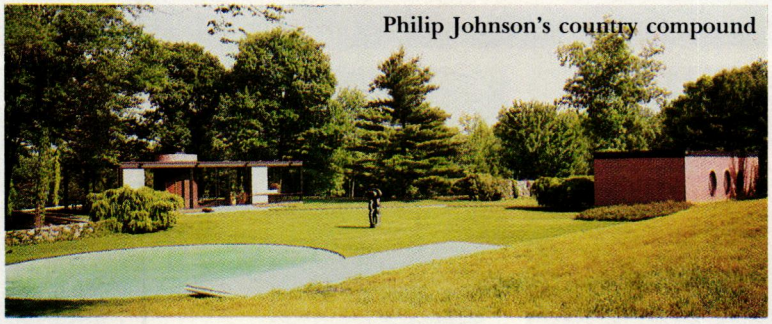
The Kravises' Connecticut lodgings



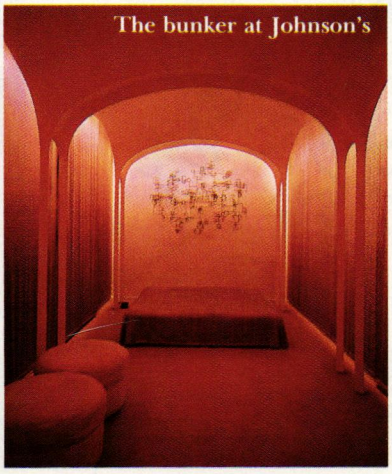
Frank Gehry's minimalist offering

The enthusiastic weekender

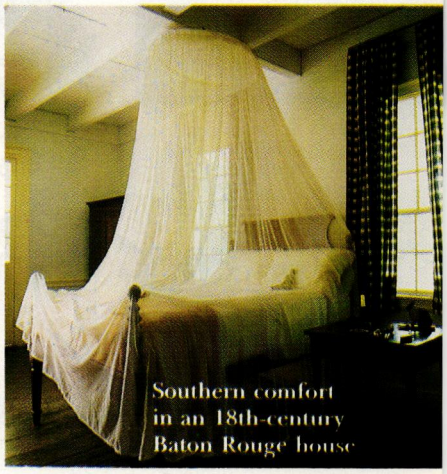




Philip Johnson's country compound

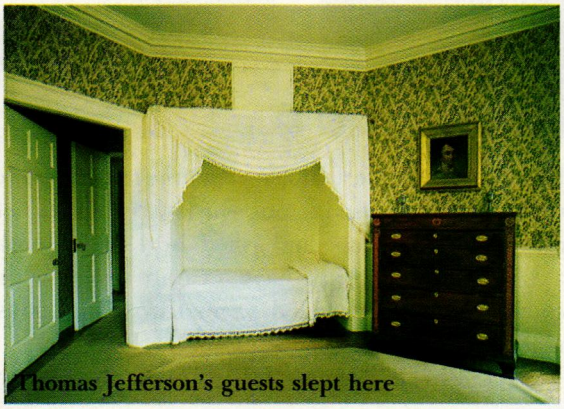


The bunker at Johnson's

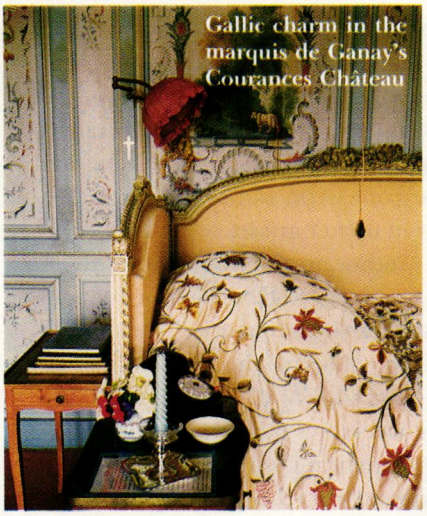


Southern comfort in an 18th-century Baton Rouge house

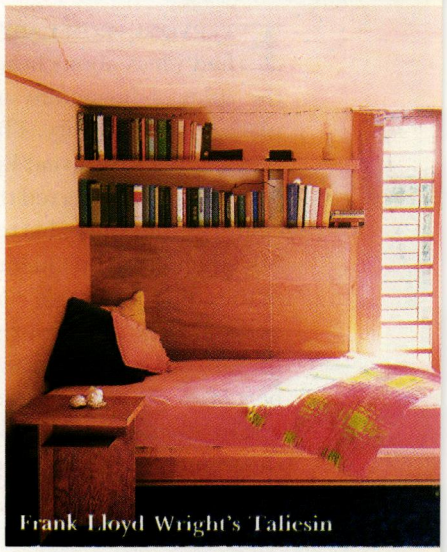




Thomas Jefferson's guests slept here



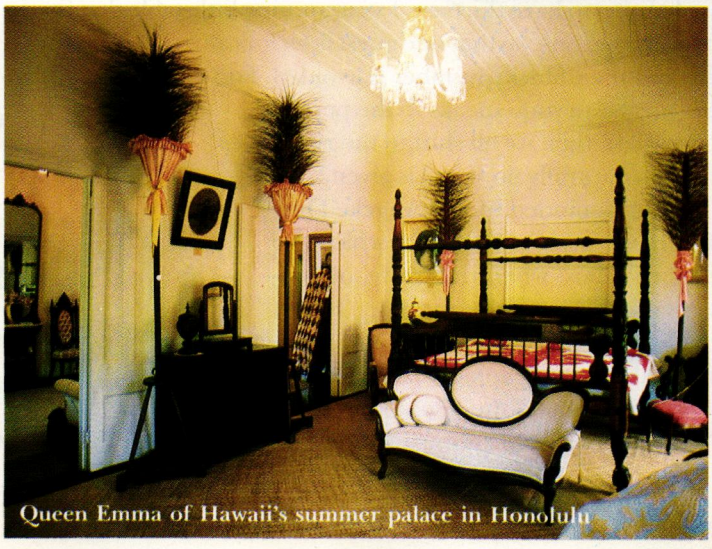
Gallic charm in the marquis de Ganay's Courances Château



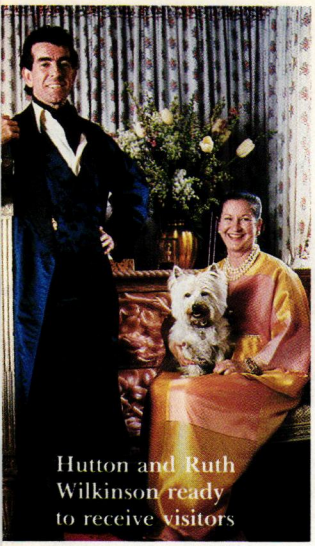
Frank Lloyd Wright's Taliesin



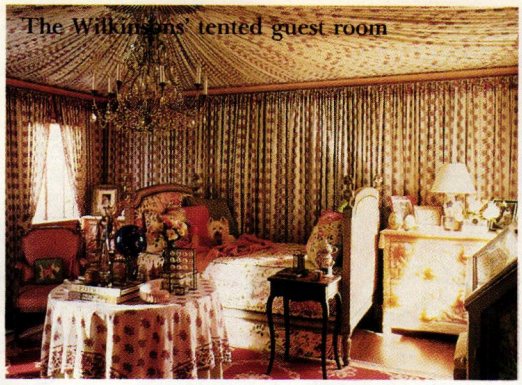
Hollywood Western at Joel Schumacher's



Queen Emma of Hawaii's summer palace in Honolulu



Hutton and Ruth Wilkinson ready to receive visitors



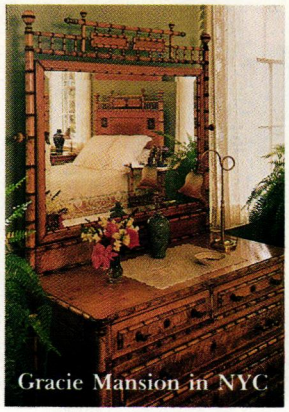
The Wilkinsons' tented guest room



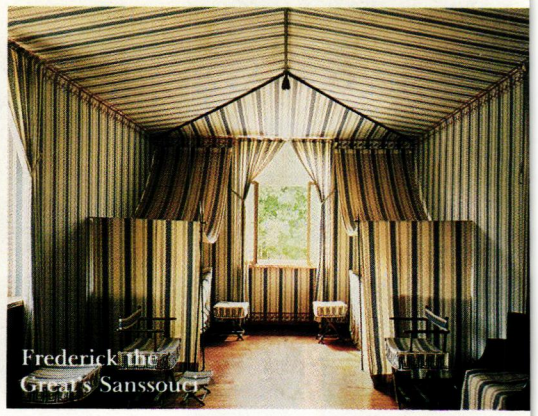
The Pierreponts' respite from fox hunting



Mick Jagger and the Queen Mother mingle at the duchess of Beaufort's



Gracie Mansion in NYC



Frederick the Great's Sanssouci

EVERYONE FROM LADY MACBETH TO COUNT DRACULA HAS had ideas about how to entertain a weekend guest, but the rules of hospitality must bend to suit the occasion, the place, the personality. The duchess of Beaufort, for instance, presides over the great English country house of Badminton (where ladies perfected the game of the same name in the last century), and she's able to put up her guests, who range from Mick Jagger to the Queen Mother, in a ravishing guest room in the chinoiserie style. "It was decorated by the fourth duchess in 1750 or so," the present duchess remarks, "and though the late duke sold off the original bed to the Victoria and Albert Museum, we have an exact copy of it."

The duchess spends the weekdays quietly, but on Friday the house starts filling up, depending on how many people her four children invite down from London. "We usually have eighteen at table for dinner, never more than twenty. If we happen to have thirteen, I've a cunning little table that fits over the big one, so that one guest is technically at his own table and the unlucky number is avoided. For the first half of the meal everyone speaks to the person on his left, then we all shift to the right, though naturally no signal is given."

(I am reminded of the Angela Thirkell novel *Pomfret Towers* in which the host exclaims, when the traffic of conversation becomes tangled, "Here, that's all wrong. Half of you are speaking to the wrong people.")

"After dinner," the duchess tells me, "the butler asks the guests when they'll be wanting breakfast and at what time it should be carried up to their rooms. I used to put whiskey beside the bed, but one guest flew into a rage and asked did I think he was such an alcoholic, so now I just have a carafe of water put out. Of course books are provided—a mixture of art books and light reading—as well as biscuits."

I asked her ladyship, "What's your idea of a nightmare guest?"

"Someone who looks at me full of hope and expectation when I come down in the morning."

"It seems you have guests of all sorts," I said brightly.

"All *ages*," she clarified.

"How should guests tip?"

"Oh, they give me ten pounds in an envelope—or twenty if they're a couple—and I divide it amongst the dailies."

"And do people bring you gifts?"

"Yes, isn't that the strangest new custom? People now are always bringing me books or chocolates, but I must say when I go visiting, I never take a thing, do you?"

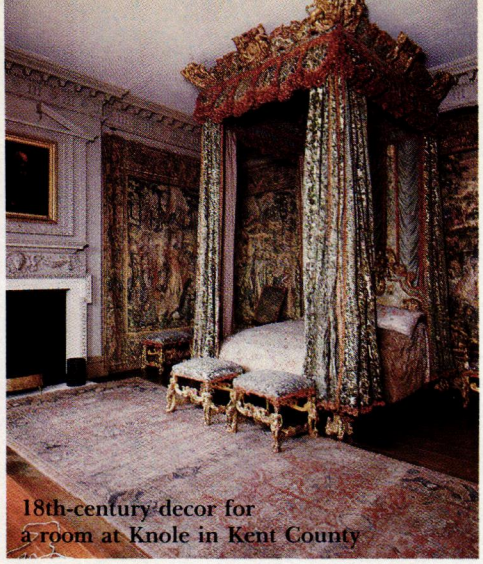
THE DUCHESS OF BEAUFORT'S LEAST FAVORITE TYPE OF GUEST? "SOMEONE WHO LOOKS AT ME FULL OF HOPE AND EXPECTATION IN THE MORNING"

Although Nancy Pierrepont is an American, she has entertained two British ambassadors and she and her husband, Jackie, have perfected an international standard of hospitality. The Pierreponts are generally conceded to be nonpareil in the comfort they afford their guests on a working farm in Far Hills, New Jersey. Friends arrive around teatime on Friday, and Nancy invites neighbors over for dinner on Fri-

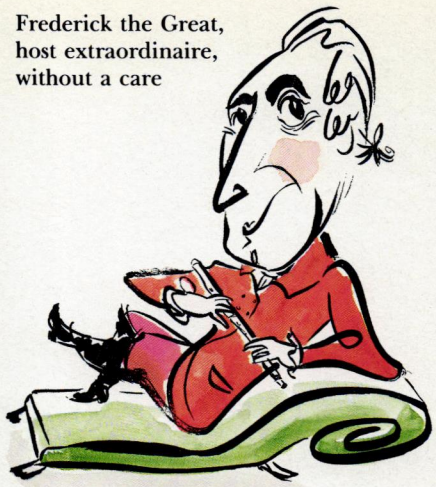
CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: OBERTO GILI (2); MICHAEL MUNDY; ERICH LESSING/MAGNUM; JOHN HALL; TOM BACHTELL



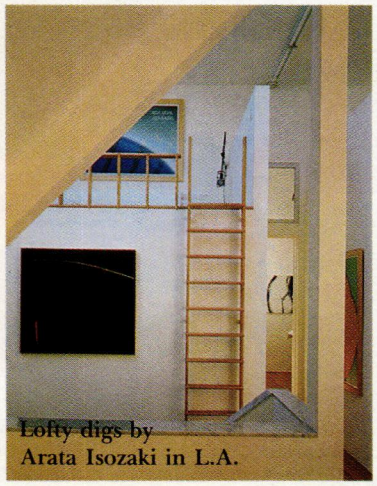
Rest for the weary jet-setter at Nan Kempner's



18th-century decor for a room at Knole in Kent County



Frederick the Great, host extraordinaire, without a care



Lofty digs by Arata Isozaki in L.A.

day and Saturday. "We often have our children around, which is wonderful, so then we have people of all ages," she says. "We used to put the young men up in an outbuilding that had been the creamery, but now it's my husband's painting studio. Young men are always so messy."

In the autumn those guests keen on fox hunting are up and out by six in the morning "in full pursuit of the uneatable," as Oscar Wilde said, for two or three hours; in winter the hunt starts at noon. For less energetic visitors, there's no greater pleasure than remaining in the comfortable guest rooms. "The main guest room has three views of rolling fields and orchards," Jackie Pierrepont explains. "It has a crackling fire and its own thermostat and a chaise longue beside the fire with wool throws on it. There are lots of coffee table books and English magazines and a pair of dime store reading glasses on a ribbon in case you've forgotten your own.

"Just outside the guest room windows are masses of boxwood. Then in the spring there's the smell of apple blossoms and mown grass. Of course," he laughs, "there's also cow manure, which smells rather like Harris Tweed, wouldn't you say? And the late sleeper might resent all the rural racket—the barking terriers and the piercing cries of the guinea hens, which sound like a nail on a slate."

Entertaining in town is a different proposition. Whereas guests usually come to a country house for the weekend, in the city they might stay a week or longer—and a host's duties vary according to which town we're talking about. In New York, jet-setter Nan Kempner loves to indulge her guests, who are always close friends, but she recognizes that the city itself is so full of distractions she may not manage to see them often. "My guests have complete freedom. I tell them what I'm doing and they can join me or not. I usually give them a luncheon. I've never lost a guest yet. They all come back."

On her guest room checklist are such items as a bedside clock, pads and pencils, luxurious sheets, pretty blanket covers, a down quilt, and an electric blanket as well as a medicine cabinet full of aspirin, toothbrushes, and new soaps. A phone intercom is linked to the kitchen. And since Nan is one of the best-dressed women in the world, her women guests can be certain that her maid will press and repair their clothes with professional care.

Guests may want to be independent in New York, but in Los Angeles they're often bewildered and clinging—especially Europeans, who are not oriented to automobile culture and have a hard time finding their way around the sprawling city. Interior designer Hutton Wilkinson explains, "We have lots of guests from Italy, and for them southern California is another style of life altogether. I want to turn myself over to them completely. I thrive on social life, as does my wife. I take guests to museums or galleries, or we go off on shopping sprees or attend swim parties. We have a big dining room and in the evening can entertain up to twenty-four at three different tables or fourteen at one table. Or we can have an intimate supper in front of the fire in the library."

EMILY POST SAYS HOSTS SHOULD SPEND A DAY IN THE GUEST ROOM

The tenting in the guest bedroom conceals its original decor. "This house was built in 1936 by my father and grandfather, who were architects. It was what you might call tycoon Georgian, with a Queen Anne front and a Mary Jane behind, and this room was very thirties moderne, complete with a flying-saucer chandelier. Perfect if that's the look you're after, but we weren't. We covered it over with some of the six hundred yards of fabric I'd bought *(Text continued on page 137)*

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: MICHAEL MUNDY; NATIONAL TRUST PHOTOGRAPHIC LIBRARY, LONDON; TOM BACHTELL; TIMOTHY HURSLEY



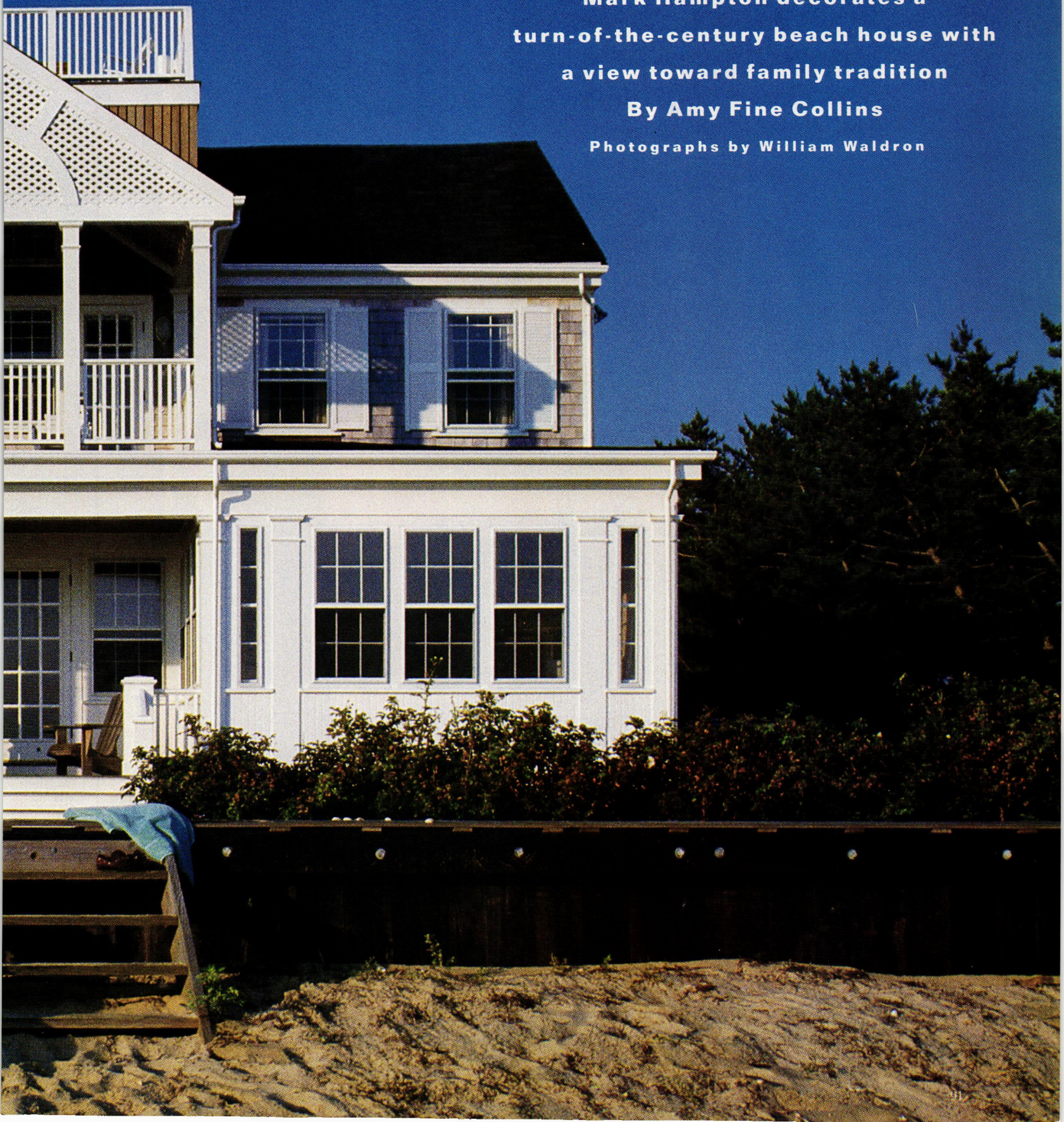
Porches, verandas, and decks wrap around the shingled beach house crowned by a widow's walk for lofty ocean gazing.

Nantucket Lookout

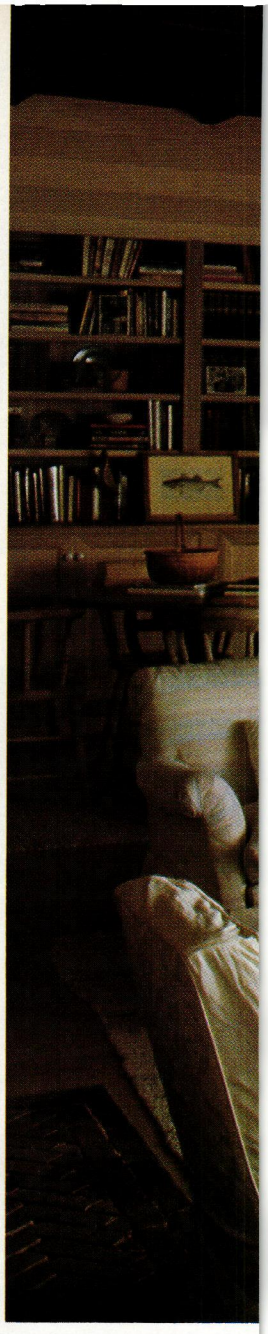
Mark Hampton decorates a turn-of-the-century beach house with a view toward family tradition

By Amy Fine Collins

Photographs by William Waldron







Opening onto the beachside veranda, the living room, *above*, is awash in sandy colors. Cotton from Hinson & Co. covers the sofa; the slipper chairs are in ikat chintz from Cowtan & Tout. The curtains are Stroheim & Romann union cloth. Nantucket weaver Margareta Grandin Nettles made the rag rug. *Left:* Tucked behind a second-story portico, the study is more conducive to reverie than work. Details see Resources.



TO THE WAMPANOAG INDIANS, NANTUCKET MEANT "FAR-away land." Today, although no longer so geographically remote, the fabled crescent-shaped island still seems psychologically distant from the workaday world. Even the dour Quaker settlers of Melville's "elbow of sand" understood that Nantucket was a haven—they chose it as a refuge from the Puritan mainlanders.

A rambling beach house decorated by Mark Hampton for a lifelong summer resident and his family alludes to the Nantucket of history while embracing the most sybaritic of modern amenities. Miniature framed watercolors of famous Nantucket buildings—the 1686 Jethro Coffin house, the Great Point lighthouse—are propped against rows of the Harvard Classics on the bookshelves, yet on the expansive wind-sheltered sunbathing deck a hot tub beckons, enshrined in its own four-square white pavilion. A folksy carved wood fish from a French carousel hangs gape-mouthed over the dining room's austere wood and brick fireplace, but the kitchen gleams with the latest high-tech equipment. The house itself, originally a "pokey" structure, according to one old Nantucketer, dates to the turn of the century—the island's early resort days—but has been renovated and expanded by Baltimore architects Grieves Associates, in conjunction with the Nantucket firm Design Associates, to make it more substantial.

Even with the additions, the dozen-room dwelling merges harmoniously with its surroundings and seems, despite its grand scale, Yankee modest. The front entrance is tucked unassumingly behind a profusion of decks, old-fashioned verandas, and shuttered windows. "I guess you'd say the house is bedecked," quips Juliet Perkins, the botanist who designed the landscaping, right down to the dunes covered with beach grass and the plantings on the deck. The house's weathered cedar shingles are such a common Nantucket sight that the island has been called the Little Gray Lady—a poetic designation that probably also takes into account the frequent fog. And the crisp columned portico jutting from the second floor recalls the Greek revival architecture of Nantucket's prosper-

ous whaling days, as does the rooftop widow's walk. "The structure is a very American phenomenon," says Hampton. "This kind of informal meandering beach house isn't found anywhere else." The only formal aspect of the building, ironically, is the back elevation—the private shore-hugging section visible only to passing boaters. "It's like the garden façade of a plantation house," suggests Hampton.

Indoors one never loses a sense of the watery outdoors. The remodeling and decorating were planned around showcasing the infinite ocean view—"all beach without background," to quote Melville on Nantucket again. Not only is the sea visible from almost every window, but the palette and mood of each room carefully reflect the briny surroundings. The wood that lines the floors and walls is bleached a soothing sand white. And although its pale starchy tones seem inevitable, almost found, Hampton reveals that all of these surfaces have been pickled, rubbed, and overpainted in as many shades of white as possible in order to achieve the desired sun-washed effect. Even the knotty horizontal planks of the wainscoting echo the serene scrubby terrain. And the big comfortable sofas and armchairs in the spacious living room are upholstered in unobtrusive white-on-white cottons and linens to provide a neutral foreground for the sweeping ocean vistas.

When color appears, it is as subtle as the shadings inside a seashell. Faded stripes in serene pale blues and pinks on two armchairs vary the monotone of the upholstery, while the soft hues of a sprawling rag rug, locally crafted by Margareta Grandin Nettles, introduce tint and texture underfoot. "That rug is completely washable," raves Hampton. "If it bleeds, so much the better." This is a summer place for an athletic family that doesn't want to fuss over maintenance. With three college-age sons in residence, Hampton says the rooms are intended to be trailed with sand and anointed with "root beer and corn chips."

It is difficult to decide whether some parts of the house belong to its interior or exterior. Adding to the inside-out effect, the gardens bloom in the same range of pastel blues, pinks, peaches, and whites found in Hampton's fabrics. One inviting area—part porch, part sunroom—off the front hall is almost entirely furnished with wicker, cushioned in a down-filled floral chintz. Hampton enhanced the outdoorsy feeling of the space by hanging porch shades stained the same green as the vegetation just outside the windows and by laying down a sisal carpet that seems *(Text continued on page 136)*



In an inviting corner off the veranda, *right,* floral chintz cushions furniture from Walters Wicker. The sisal carpet is from Stark. *Opposite above left:* A pine-topped table and stained Windsor chairs anchor the dining room where a 19th-century French carved carousel fish hangs above the fireplace designed by Hampton. The topiaries are by Geo. P. Davis of Weeds, Nantucket. *Opposite above right:* The new second-story portico, designed by Grieves Associates, recalls the island's Greek revival architecture. *Opposite below:* Hampton cloaked the master bedroom in watery blues. Chair and love seat fabrics are from Hinson and Cowtan & Tout. Curtains are Lee Jofa union cloth.

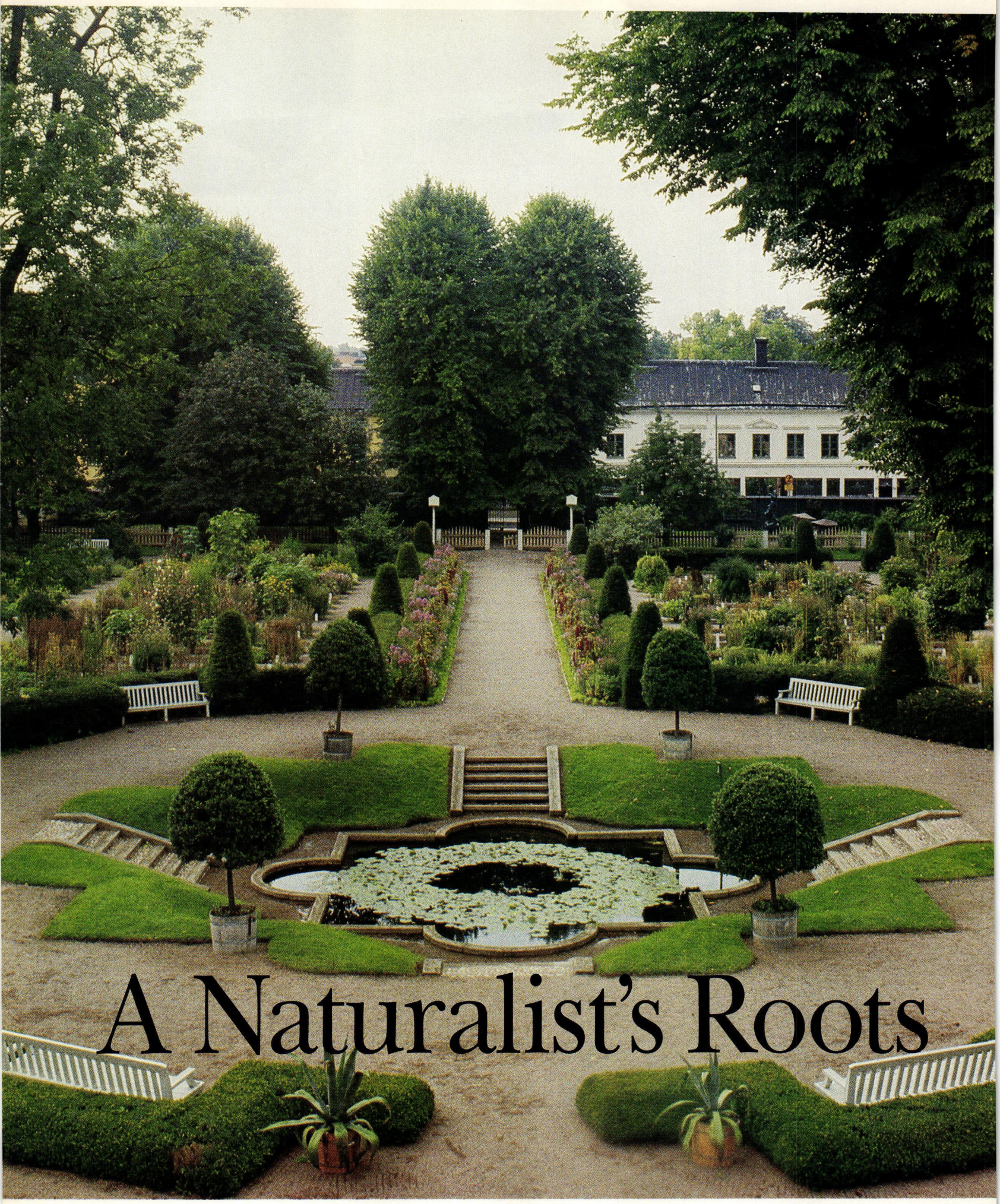






The house merges with its briny surroundings
and seems, despite its grand scale, Yankee modest





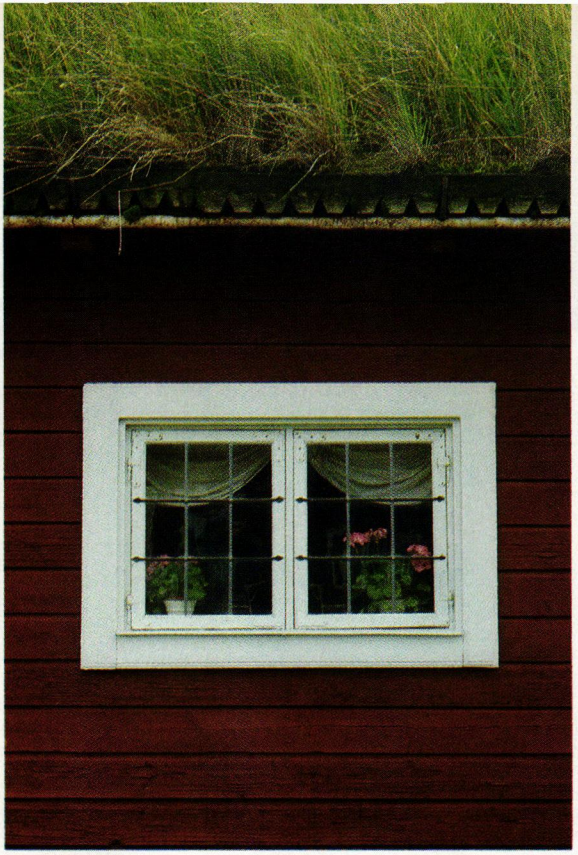
A Naturalist's Roots



Separated into symmetrical parterres of perennials and annuals, Linnaeus's miniature baroque garden, *opposite*, planted at the University of Uppsala near Stockholm in 1741, has been brought back to full bloom. *Below:* A painting of a long-tailed monkey hangs against pages from a book of flora that Linnaeus pasted to the walls of his bedroom.

An eighteenth-century Swedish house and gardens preserve the habitat of botanist Carolus Linnaeus. By Christopher Petkanas

Photographs by Thibault Jeanson





SELF-ADMIRING, ORACULAR, AND OFTEN A FOOLISH snob, Carolus Linnaeus was also the greatest naturalist of his day. A humble pastor's son who was made a knight in his native Sweden, Linnaeus is still celebrated as the father of modern botany. His system of binary nomenclature, published in 1753, efficiently assigned two Latin names—one indicating the genus and one the species—to every plant he knew. Today when we speak of *Pinus sylvestris* (Scots pine) or *Cocos nucifera* (coconut palm), it is Carolus Linnaeus we are quoting.

Linnaeus created two gardens in his lifetime, and both survive handsomely. In 1741 he was appointed professor of medicine and botany at the University of Uppsala, forty miles north of Stockholm, and inherited a wretchedly decayed botanical garden a few paces from his handsome in-town house. Collaborating with architect Carl Hårleman, the director of public works and buildings in Sweden, Linnaeus tore out Olof Rudbeck the elder's design of nearly a century earlier and replaced it with a miniature baroque fantasy. Consisting of symmetrical parterres separated into 44 beds of eleven flowers each, Linnaeus's gardens give way to lake, river, and marsh pools, and, beyond these, spring and autumn flower beds. Plants arrived in Uppsala from colleagues and students all over the world—bergenia and dwarf peonies from Siberia, marigolds from France and Africa, and sugar maples and Virginia bird cherries from America. In a few years there were 3,000 species and Linnaeus's fame had seeded in most

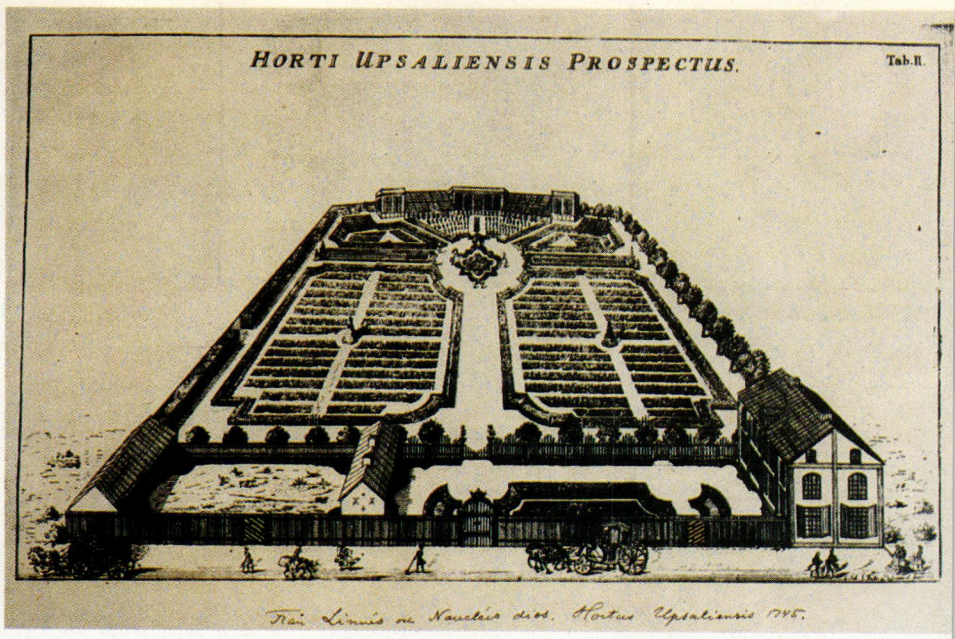
Faded botanical prints, family portraits, and a painting of a bottle-nosed whale line the walls of Linnaeus's study, *right,* at Hammarby, his country retreat now preserved as a museum. Original birch chairs stand along the edges of the room in the 18th-century fashion. *Above:* A grass roof crowns a free-standing building adjacent to the main house at Hammarby.

Opposed to frivolity but



keen to impress, Linnaeus built Hammarby to seal his status as a nobleman



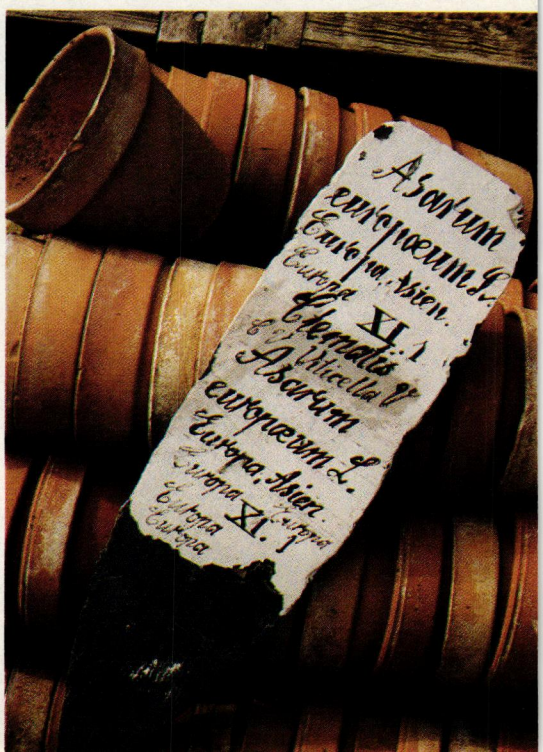




LINNEMUSEET, UPPSALA









corners of the globe. The naturalist who once had trouble scaring up money to have his shoes soled was being showered with gifts from Louis XV and Catherine II.

In 1762, to seal his status as a nobleman, Linnaeus built a country retreat for his family outside Uppsala. Now preserved as a museum, Hammarby, as the modest estate is called, consists of a central dwelling and two flanking freestanding wings. Together they form three sides of a peaceful open triangle. Domestic life at Hammarby, however, was never exactly sunny. Linnaeus and his wife, Sara, a famously antagonistic duo, occupied separate two-room suites—a bedroom and study on the top floor for him and a bedroom and small drawing room below for her. Designed to ensure privacy, their living quarters were positioned away from the heavily trafficked rooms they shared with a son and with four daughters whose interest in just how high they could pile their hair and how minuscule they could make their waists supported their father's darkest beliefs about the vanity and mindlessness of human beings. (Linnaeus himself expressed his disdain for artifice by dressing in nightshirts and claiming he smoked his pipe not for pleasure but to relieve sore teeth.) The family convened perforce in the dining room, furnished according to Swedish custom with a number of small tables placed against the windows. Depending on how many people were to dine, one or all of the tables were laid end to end at mealtimes in the center of the room.

"Linnaeus was always in and out of the house with mud on his boots from the garden, nagging his wife for more of this and more of that," relates Ewa Wallner, director of the Uppsala Linnaeus Museum. "He also always invited twenty for dinner, and while the conversation was usually in French or Latin, Sara, poor woman, only spoke Swedish."

Hammarby provided Linnaeus not only with a scrubbed lair but a pastoral vitrine in which to display evidence of his newly minted nobility and wealth. Once you know how opposed he was to frivolity and how keen he was to impress, everything in the house seems painstakingly chosen and charged with importance. Luxury is suggested by a gilded pier glass, a still-functioning longcase clock by the Swedish clockmaker Peter Ernst, and a large

(Text continued on page 134)

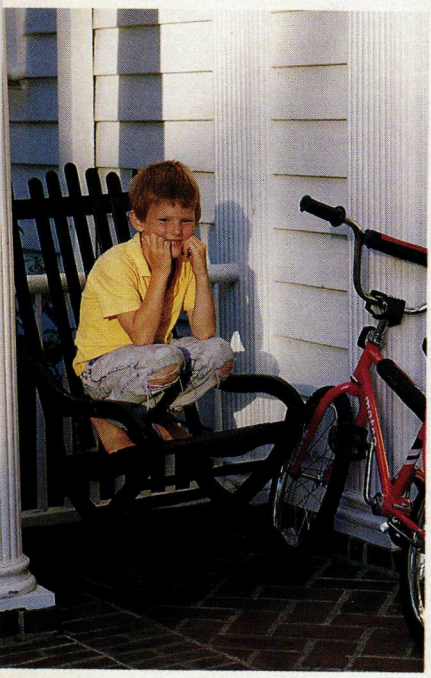
In a guest room at Hammarby, *above*, a pair of Chinese still lifes flank a Swedish neoclassical bed painted to blend with the twinflower-patterned wallpaper. *Opposite, clockwise from top left:* A 1737 portrait of Linnaeus; a 1745 design for the garden at the University of Uppsala; Hammarby enclosed by elms and other greenery; terra-cotta pots and a marker inscribed with Linnaeus's plant records; a corner of the garden at Uppsala with a view of Linnaeus's in-town residence; a watercolor of a raccoon against a wall of botanical etchings in Linnaeus's Hammarby study.

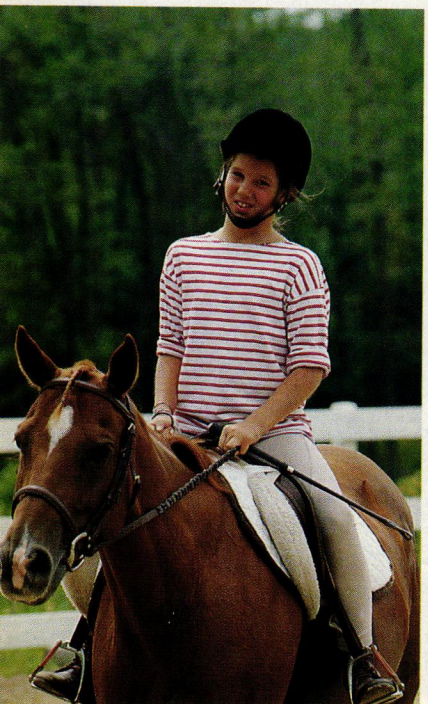


Linnaeus sheltered his collections of books, pressed plants, insects, shells, and stones in an unheated building behind the main house at Hammarby. His herbarium cupboard, wooden rostrum, and benches for his students still furnish the single-room structure.











Yankee Hospitality

A Connecticut house decorated by Peter Shelton and Lee Mindel suits family life—with room to spare. By Amy Fine Collins

Photographs by William Waldron



In the dining room of the neofederal Connecticut house, "predictable" English chairs are unpredictably slipcovered in a Brunschwig chintz. The curtain fabric is from Fonthill. *Left:* A clapboard classic rests in the shade. *Far left:* Scenes from a charmed summer include horses and bicycles. Details see Resources.



This is the kind of gracious, accommodating household where strangers feel instantly at home

Furniture reiterates the living room's architectural details: the sofas' humpbacks echo a ceiling arch, while the tones and proportions of double doors recur in a neo-Gothic cabinet. The coffee tables are fashioned from British bagatelle sets. The wallpaper is from Clarence House, and the armchairs are in a Bennison fabric. *Opposite:* A majestic staircase, viewed from the back entrance, frames the front hall.

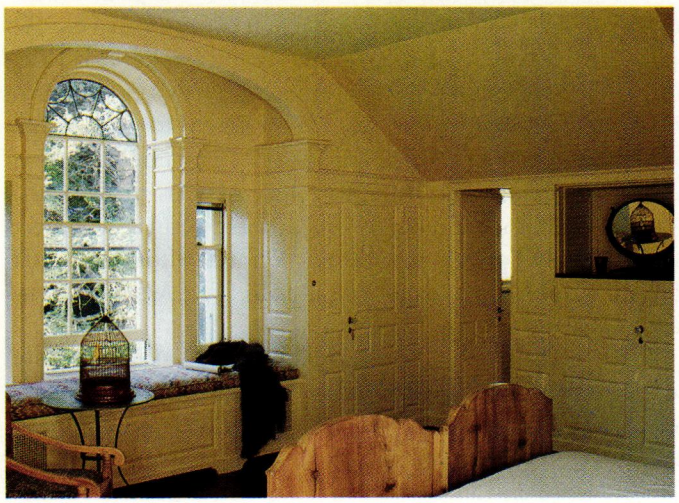




HARVARD PHILOSOPHER STANLEY CAVELL HAS A THEORY that in 1930s and '40s screwball comedies, such as *Bringing Up Baby* and *Adam's Rib*, Connecticut is a magical Shakespearean "green world" where "perspective and renewal are to be achieved." This mythic, cinematic "Connecktícut" (as it is called in *The Lady Eve*) to which New Yorkers escape is no less a fairyland, according to Cavell, than the sprite-filled forest of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*.

Though you won't stumble over Katharine Hepburn chasing her leopard through the bushes, in every other way the sprawling Norfolk house of an investment banker, his wife, and their five children turns old Hollywood's pastoral dreams into a vivacious reality. Nestled behind a tall white picket fence, the 1928 clapboard structure, painted Puritan white and ornamented with bas-reliefs of urns, revives and aggrandizes indigenous Connecticut architecture. Architect Lee Mindel, who with his partner, Peter Shelton, designed the interiors for the couple, says, "It fulfills the American fantasy of a country house."

While the house's vernacular neofederalist style is strictly conventional for its time and place, it contains its share of eccentricities. For one thing, at some point the front and back doors were reversed, making for a modest view as you walk into the main entrance and a much grander prospect when you arrive through the back. "One owner's sister lived closer to what was formerly the back," says the present owner. "Maybe they wanted to be able to holler at each other from the front door." The man who built the house was in the hotel construction business, and evidently habit took over: among the unusual amenities for a private residence are an elevator, a fire extinguisher behind glass, a telephone chamber, and a



The original restaurant-scale gas stove serves as sculpture and catchall countertop in the kitchen, *top*. A tufted Voltaire chair, a French country banquette from Pierre Deux Antiques, NYC, and Hitchcock chairs add rustic charm to the room. *Above:* One of ten upstairs bedrooms that accommodate family and friends. *Opposite:* A fireplace with a bas-relief mantel, Portuguese needlepoint rug, and a bright comforter warm up another bedroom.

basement boiler room that looks powerful enough to fuel an ocean liner. "It's what I love most about the house," admits the husband, who claims he consented to buy it sight unseen on the basis of his wife's description of the mighty nexus of tanks, pipes, and dials.

Some of the family's livelier activities take place underground. Not far from the boiler room a schoolyard-scale playroom spreads out, and at the other end of the cellar separate storerooms are designated for skis, saddles, and wine—all evidence of a heartily enjoyed life. With these expansive subterranean areas and ten upstairs bedrooms—some small and irregular as tree houses—the house easily absorbs the large family, the children's ubiquitous friends, the staff, and sundry houseguests.

This is the kind of gracious, accommodating household where strangers feel instantly welcome—as soon as you pull into the driveway, the jovial paterfamilias is inviting you to dinner and his wife is imploring you to spend the night. If these hospitable offers are politely declined, they insist at least on packing you a slice of fresh-baked apple pie, whose aromatic vapors have been sweetening the air all afternoon. Materfamilias oversees her visitors, brood (ages four to nine),



and help in an enviably relaxed yet vigilant manner. "I chose this as the master bedroom for its strategic location," she confides, stationed at the threshold of the room where she can survey the entire second floor as well as the full sweep of the majestic staircase.

"It fulfills the American fantasy of a country house," says Mindel

Given the family's boisterously casual lifestyle, the wife's requirements from Shelton, Mindel & Associates, who had already renovated the couple's Park Avenue apartment, were eminently practical. She asked that the house be "filth-proof" and appear worn even while new. Designers and client collaborated so smoothly "it was scary," she recalls. "I think Lee and I were going through the same mid-life crisis—we were thinking identically. I'd pick a fabric from photos and he'd already have the sample waiting for me." For Mindel and associate Helen Elkner, the job was a "pleasure." The previous owners had already suffered through the "nasty work," restoring the house right down to its fine woodwork, and their tastes were sympathetic—the downstairs powder room came papered in the same stripe used in the Manhattan apartment. With the "agit removed," Mindel determined that their job was to create a "fantasy version of what the house originally wanted to be—to look back at the twenties from today's perspective."

A fitting agenda, considering that the original architect was gazing at colonial New England from an early twentieth century capitalist's point of view. Shelton and Mindel's design imperative was to respect the building's structural framework. They proudly point out that though the windows made the living room seating troublesome, the arrangement now looks inevitable. The furniture reiterates architectural details in subtle, crucial ways. Two enormous sofas whose humpbacks echo the flattened arch separating living room from library bracket the long room. The mellow tones and stately proportions of a cherrywood neo-Gothic cabinet, purchased in the husband's native England, recur in paneled doors opening from the adjacent hall. Floral needlepoint rugs, upholstery, and throw pillows in cool muted shades help unify the immense space, while flashes of wit crop up in a classical terracotta head crowning the Gothic cabinet and a pair of coffee tables fashioned from British *(Text continued on page 134)*

A Connoisseur's Art



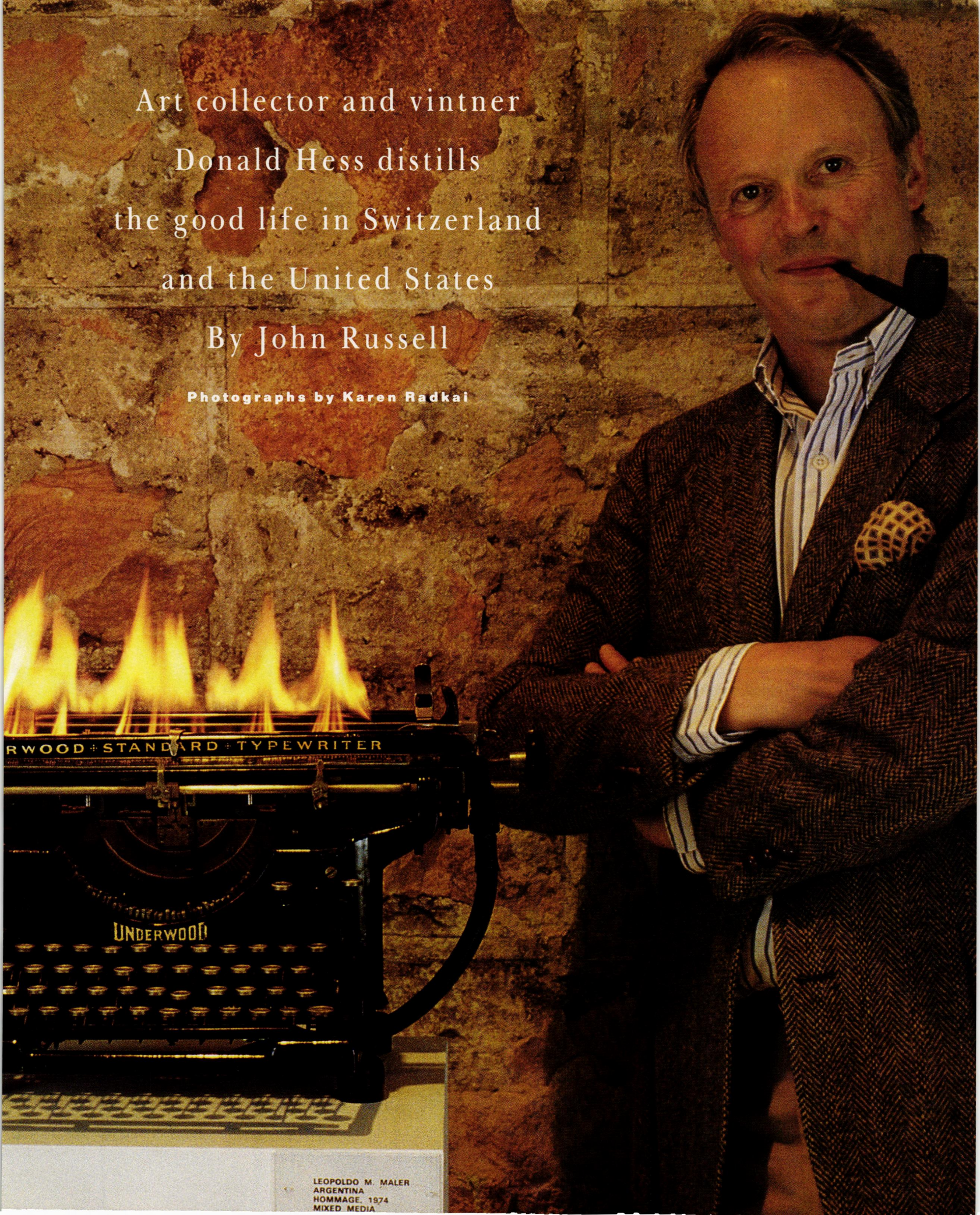


Donald Hess, *right*, with *Hommage*, 1974, by Leopoldo M. Maler at the Hess Collection Winery in the Napa Valley. *Above: Face I* by Magdalena Abakanowicz.

Art collector and vintner Donald Hess distills the good life in Switzerland and the United States

By John Russell

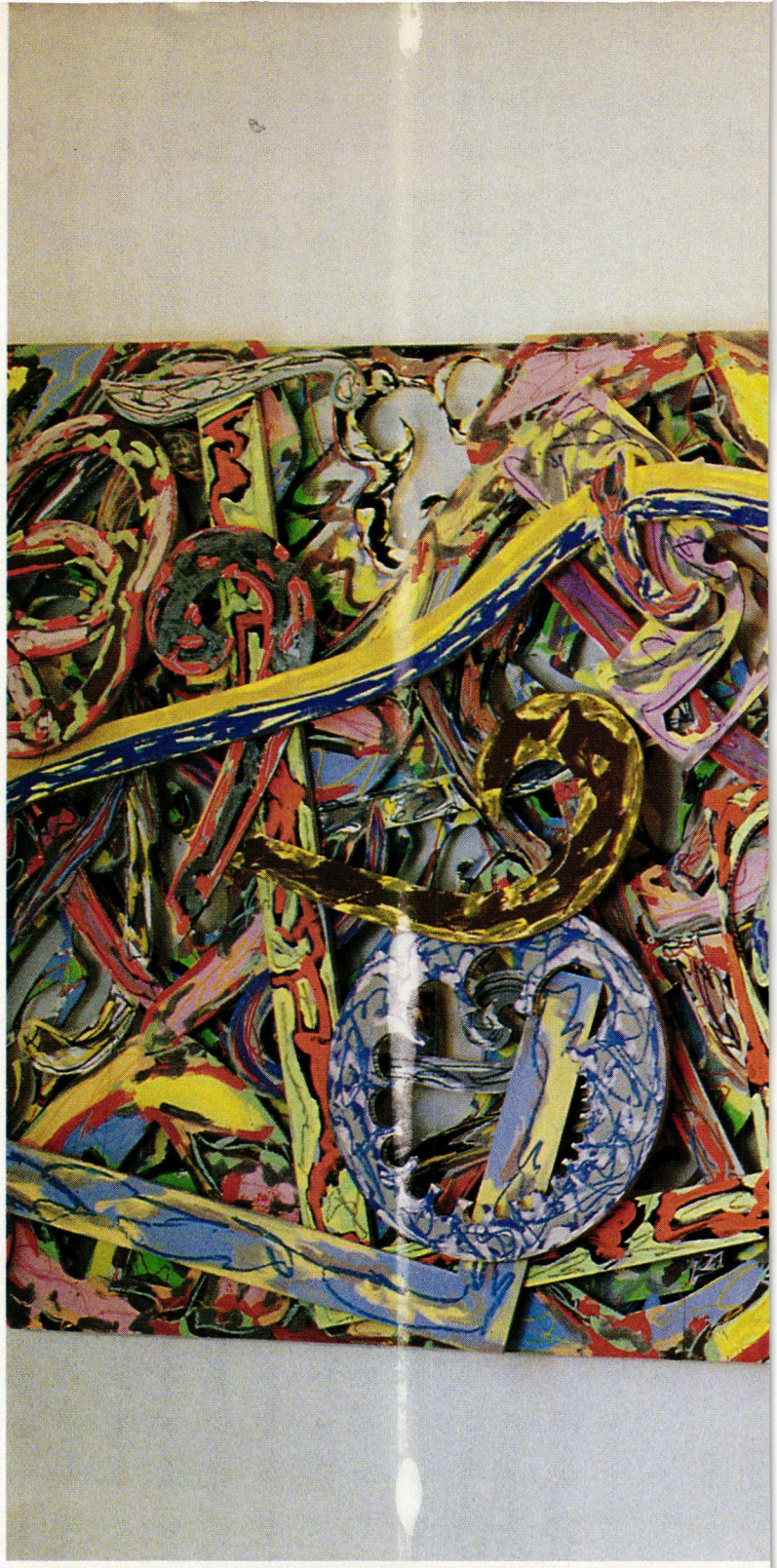
Photographs by Karen Radkai



A TWOFOLD BLESSING HAS LATELY BEEN bestowed on a mountainside above the town of Napa in California. The person responsible for it is a Swiss vintner, collector of contemporary art, and multipurposed entrepreneur named Donald Hess. Back home in Switzerland, Hess had nothing to complain about. He had, and still has, a beautiful wife and a beautiful daughter, an ancient and majestic house outside Bern, a collection that brought him untold satisfaction, and enough successful businesses to keep him happily occupied year-round. He owns Valser mineral water, which has a 24 percent share of the Swiss market. (He found the spring himself, 4,000 feet up in the Swiss Alps, and drank it by the daily gallon before deciding to buy.) Big in real estate, he owns eighteen restaurants and a holiday resort—the Blue Lake in the Bernese Alps with a trout hatchery—and operates another resort, on an island in a lake near Biel with a cattle farm.

There was therefore no reason for him to come looking for trouble, in 1978, as a new entrant in the Napa wine trade. His art collection looked very well in the Bernese countryside. At 42, he had proved himself several times over. But as a maker of wine, he had opted out at age 21 when he decided to sell a little vineyard above the Lake of Geneva that he had inherited. (It produced undrinkable wine and was getting worse by the minute.) That he had opted out irked him. His was a family that had always welcomed challenge. Had his father not gone to Persia, to trade gold for rugs for an English importer, and ended up running a small private army that put terror into every bandit for miles around? Had he not himself, when barely of age, owned and run hotels in Tangier and in Casablanca? Was he to settle down at 42 and turn into a sedate old Bernese gentleman?

"Never!" he said to himself, and he set off to learn all that he could about California wine. Meticulous preparation, a keen eye for seasoned help, and some hefty injections of capital (reportedly $26 million) got the show on the road. Unlike many of his counterparts in the theater, he didn't open too early. From 1983 onwards there was no doubt that his were not "nice" wines, but wines with a big future: the Hess Collection (a name he decided on after checking its effect on retail outlets). So now there is the Hess Collection which in no time at all has established itself as the brand name of two premium wines, a cabernet sauvignon and a chardonnay. And there is the Hess Collection of contemporary American and European art which is now on public view, free to all, in the working headquarters of its namesake, the wine. It includes paintings





At home outside Bern, Joanna Hess, *above right*, passes Frank Stella's 1978 *Sacramento Moposol No. 5 (Concentric Squares)*. At the foot of the stairs is a 1982 Stella, *Silverstone II*. Both works have recently been moved to the gallery at the Hess Collection in California. *Right:* Visitors to the winery can turn from Gerhard Richter's *S.D.I.* to a window facing the bottling room. *Center right:* Before leaving Switzerland for the United States, Francis Bacon's *Study of Man Talking* hung near a carved Bernese armoire. *Far right:* Donald and Joanna Hess in the vineyard.

Was Hess to settle down
and turn into a sedate
Swiss gentleman? "Never!"





The art and the wine live together on equal terms, but in perfect independence

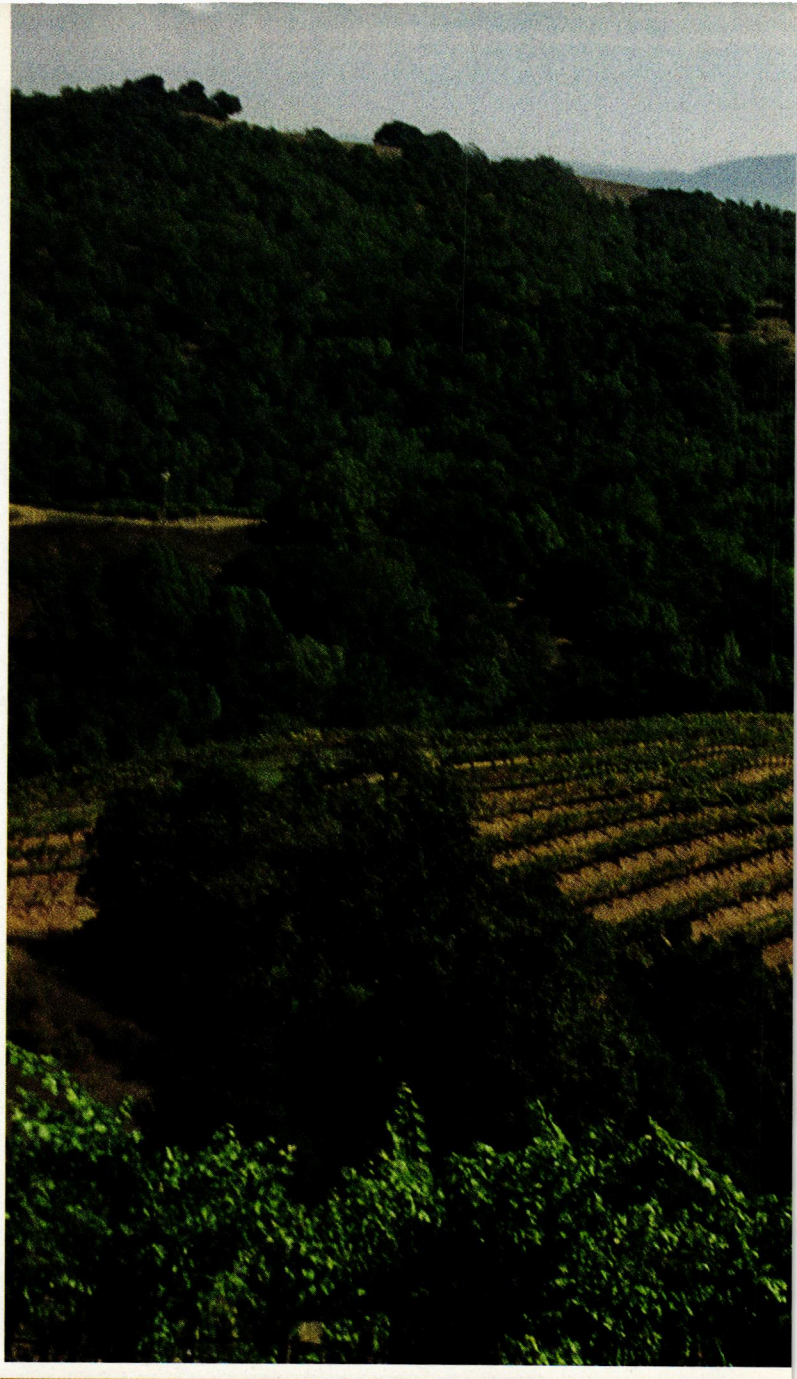
and sculptures that would be welcome in any major museum in the United States.

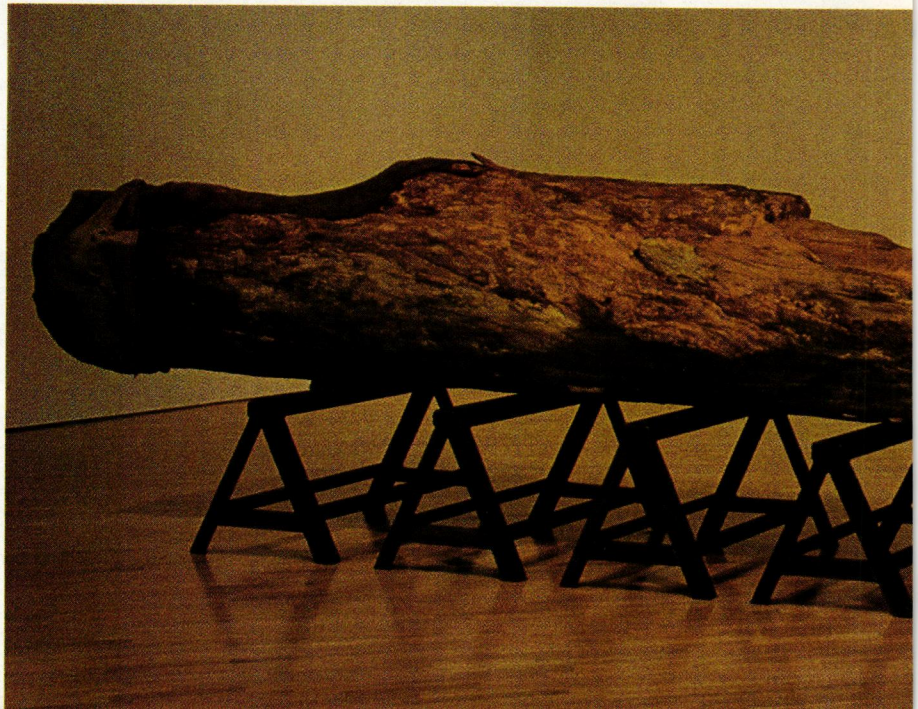
Between them, the wines and the art make for an outing that strikes a new note in the ever-more-visited Napa country. They occupy a fieldstone building with a great feudal-style front door, not far from the top of a winding road up the side of Mount Veeder. Beyond, uplands that rival Tuscany are everywhere patterned with vines. Outwardly, the squat stone headquarters is much as it was when it was inaugurated in 1903 by an earlier vintner, Colonel Theodore Gier from Oakland. Inwardly, high-tech methods have been used to integrate the art with the wine. They live together on equal terms, but in perfect independence. Neither is the worse for the other's nearness.

In ways that could not be more neatly devised, art people get to peek at the open-top fermentors in which a hydraulic device mixes the grape skins with the juice to yield softer tannins. They also get to see the big wooden barrels from Nuits-Saint-Georges in Burgundy in which the wine ages for from 18 to 22 months, and they peer through a window into the room where wine is bottled. Concurrently, wine people are stopped dead in their tracks by an enormous sculpture of a bandaged spear by the Polish artist Magdalena Abakanowicz. And they ponder the imperious inner necessity that caused Frank Stella to move from painting the ordered and concentric squares of *Sacramento Moposol No. 5* in 1978 to the labyrinthine frenzies of *Silverstone II* in 1982.

At the very outset, one of Morris Louis's "Unfurled" paintings wreaks its habitual seduction. At the end of a long vista is one of Francis Bacon's more companionable standing figures. Per Kirkeby—a Danish painter, sculptor, poet, geologist, and moviemaker—turns up in several of his roles. There is Henri Michaux, the Belgian-born poet and traveler who was a pioneer of informal abstraction, and Bruce Robbins, a New York painter and sculptor who takes ladders and planks and makes us see them as vessels of magic.

All these, and others besides, are set out and well lit in spaces that are calm, lucid, and uncluttered. Equality reigns. No one has star billing. But in a referendum the artist who might come first in general esteem is an Argentinean, Leopoldo M. Maler. His contribution to the show is a veteran Underwood manual typewriter that by the white magic of art is made to spout flame from the top of its movable carriage. Few visitors can *(Text continued on page 134)*





The vineyard, *above right,* is part of a 900-acre domain on the slopes of Mount Veeder where grapes have been cultivated since the mid 19th century. *Right:* One of the galleries inside the 1903 winery houses Abakanowicz's 27-foot-long *From the Cycle "War Games": Zadra.*

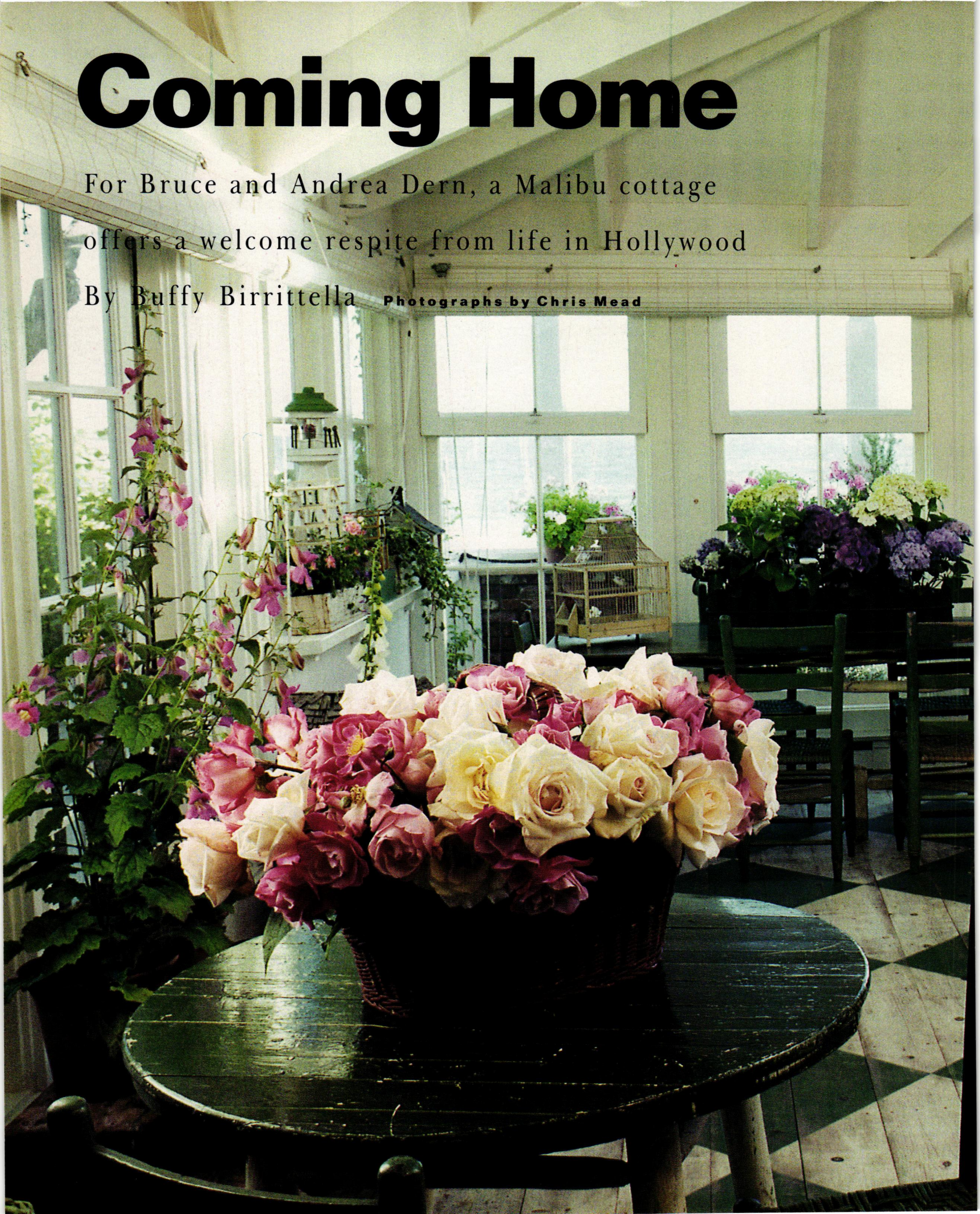




Coming Home

For Bruce and Andrea Dern, a Malibu cottage offers a welcome respite from life in Hollywood

By Buffy Birrittella **Photographs by Chris Mead**





The antique farmhouse chairs and rocker in the "teahouse" were found at the Los Angeles shop of Richard Mulligan, who designed the oblong table. Andrea Dern had the floor painted with squares of the color that Mollie Mulligan calls Dern green. Details see Resources.



ROSE COTTAGE, AS BRUCE AND ANDREA DERN'S MALIBU Colony house is appropriately named, is my home away from home, a comforting oasis by the sea in the (to me) hostile southern California landscape. There I have my own room; my white sweats, terry robe, and bathing suit; suntan lotion in stock; the music of the ocean to sleep and wake by; and the intoxicating fragrance of the garden—from old-fashioned roses, brimming from hand-painted baskets, and lavender-scented antique white linen bedding, crocheted and monogrammed by Andrea herself. If this sounds like a fantasy, it is. Rose Cottage *is* fantastic—one woman's highly personal, unabashedly idiosyncratic vision. It charms you with the abundance of its collections, seduces you with the mingled scents of herbs, flowers, and salt air, and, most of all, feels exactly as it should. Alice did indeed go to Wonderland and come home.

Like the heroine of any good fairy tale, at least those scripted in Hollywood, Rose Cottage has gone through several metamorphoses. The property, acquired by the Derns in 1972, was originally built by Frank Capra in 1929 as two separate cottages. Where roses and herbs now grow in profusion were barren plots of sand. And where are now generous white-walled spaces spilling over with California light were cramped rooms dark and heavy with wood.

I was first invited to the Derns' in the winter of 1974, shortly after Bruce completed work on *The Great Gatsby*. (Costarring as Tom Buchanan, Bruce was to grace the screen in clothes designed by Ralph Lauren, with whom I then worked, as I do now.) The transformation of Rose Cottage was very much in full swing. One of my first sights of Bruce Dern at home found him sledgehammer in hand demolishing the back wall of the "teahouse" (an appendage to the main cottage where one presumes stars in the early days took tea and watched the sun set). Bruce attacked the wall with relish while Andrea and I directed his effort from the superb vantage point of sunbathing on the sand. Although the rest of the architectural work that combined and remodeled the cottage and teahouse was professionally, if not so enthusiastically, performed, it too was conceived, planned, and directed by Andrea Dern. The gardens she reserved for her own North Dakota–bred roll-up-your-sleeves practicality. "I planted everything, including the trees," she recalls.

Throughout the seventies, as room after room was opened to the clean white light, the house became a huge canvas against which Andrea could arrange her favorite tropical leaf patterns—as motifs on fabrics and wallpapers and as actual foliage on banana trees inside and out. You might say that Rose Cottage mirrored the extroverted spirit we all shared at the time. There were annual summer parties on the beach (a Bastille Day fête with café chairs, Ricard bottles, and hot dogs; an Arabian picnic in a tent with Persian carpets), New Year's Eve parties, dinner parties, always for a select circle of friends—actors, directors, writers, agents. We swam, we played cards and games. The house was a backdrop, a set. It was swell. And always, with each visit, Andrea had a new project: stenciling and painting floors, building and painting birdhouses, embroidering pillows, doing over an entire room in a newfound old chintz. The cottage was slowly becoming less swell, more introverted. More its own world.

> Rose Cottage charms you with abundance and seduces you with the mingled scents of herbs, flowers, and salt air

In its California tropical mode, Rose Cottage was fashionable, but somehow out of character—like a wholesome country girl in the latest Paris designs. "All of a sudden," Andrea remembers, "it seemed to make sense that this house feel more casual, more like a California bungalow." When travels to Bruce's movie locations took her to England and France, to rural Pennsylvania and arctic Banff, to Houston and Toronto, Andrea began gathering antiques. Sometimes valuable, sometimes not, her choices followed no particular trend: cast-iron doorstops, spongeware, farm-stand signs, watering cans, and painted furniture. "Old models of houses are what really got me started." She found them at swap meets and, above all, at Richard Mulligan on Melrose Avenue where Bruce began buying them up for birthday and anniversary presents.

In 1981 Andrea dramatically remodeled the upper story, tearing out a warren of small dark bedrooms and creating



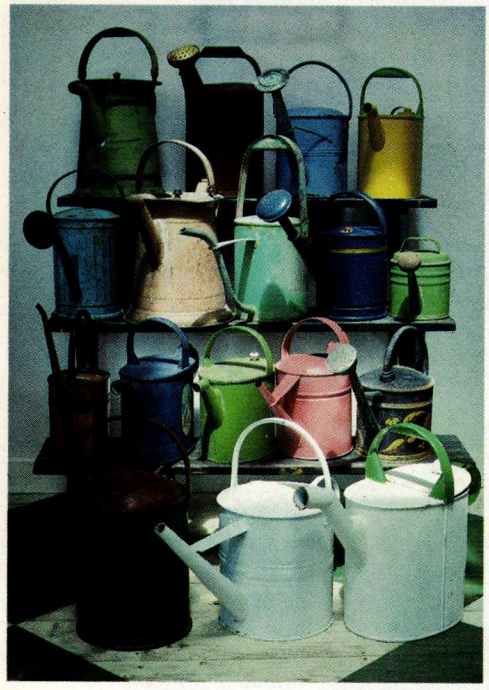






Andrea and Bruce Dern, *above,* with their Maine coon cats. An antique quilt is draped across cushions in an Old World Weavers chintz on the custom-made wicker sofa. Miniature chairs and houses are displayed throughout Rose Cottage. *Above left:* The teahouse overlooks the seaside garden. *Left:* Potted plants are set out among beds of old roses, perennials, and herbs, many of which came from Sassafras Nursery in Topanga. *Far left:* A thatched birdhouse made by Andrea's father.

In the living room, *right*, white walls and brushed cotton upholstery set off model houses from Richard Mulligan. Beside the hearth is an old table that Andrea cut down and painted white. The ladder-back chair is antique, as are the needlepoint pillows and hooked carpet. Hat by Ralph Lauren Hats; cashmere sofa throw from the Ralph Lauren Home Collection. *Below:* A plant stand holds a collection of watering cans.



what she calls "one big playpen." She virtually gutted the upper story to the rafters and turned it into a loft with an airy bedroom perched on top. Bruce and Andrea's bathroom is a greenhouse attached to a potting shed. "I was so involved in my garden then," says Andrea, "that I wanted to make the upstairs seem like a continuation of the outdoors." It was dramatic and whimsical all at once.

In January 1983 high tides swept away the teahouse and front garden and continued on through the house. Andrea was devastated—more by the foot upon foot of sand that buried her beloved roses than by the sight of her white banquettes floating out to sea. Walking the ruins with me after the flood, she remarked with typical pluck, "I never liked the shape of that room anyway. Now I can do what I really want." What she really wanted was a higher-ceilinged whitewashed barn of a room, a room transported from a meadow to the sea, filled with folk art and garden flowers and the color Molly Mulligan calls Dern green.

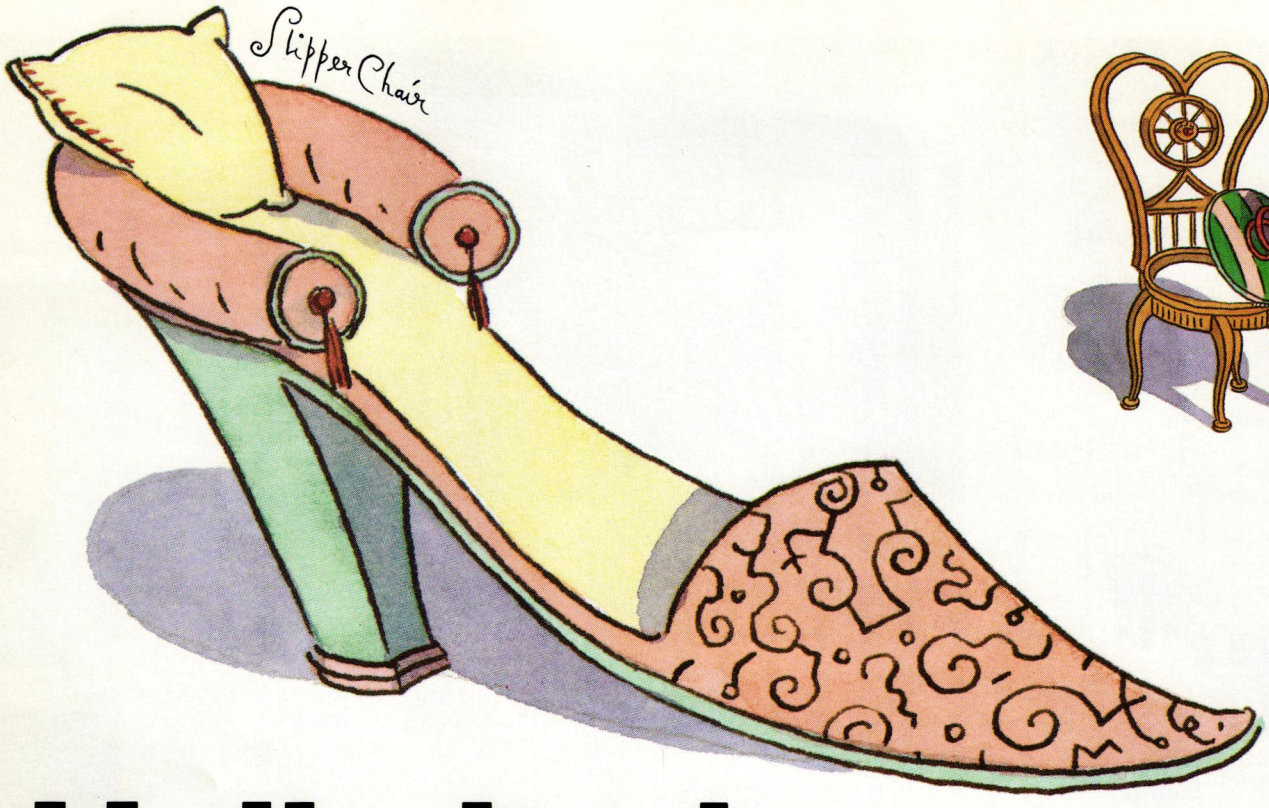
Today the interior of Rose Cottage is a wonderfully unpretentious mix of English and American country pieces, "serious" antiques inherited from Bruce's family, and farmhouse savvy from Andrea's—all put together with such wit and spontaneity as to give the word "undecorated" new meaning. Nothing is for show. Having moved to Malibu in the first place because Andrea was intrigued by "how beautiful a garden can look by the sea" and because Bruce loved "the feeling of driving home at night and being separated from where I work," they have made the house entirely theirs. Andrea's energies are now focused on painting, and yet she resists the idea that her decorating is finished: "Next week I'll probably redo a whole room if I feel like it. It's just too much fun to find a new object at an antiques show that will spur a whole new direction." This constantly shifting kaleidoscope of personal styles, this gentle exuberance are what the real-life fantasy of Rose Cottage is all about. ▲ *Editor: Mary Emmerling*



The decoration mixes "serious"



antiques inherited from Bruce's family and farmhouse savvy from Andrea's



Unlimited Seating

From the bourgeois bedroom to the royal boudoir, chairs have evolved into far more than just a place to sit down.

By Stuart Greenspan

Drawings by Steven Guarnaccia



A CHAIR IS MEANT FOR SITTING, YOU SAY? THEN IS A CHAIR a chair if it's not sat upon? And is a chair any less—or more—a chair if being sat on is not its sole raison d'être?

On the subject of chairs and their usefulness, my perceptions were warped when I was quite young, for I grew up in a household where no company was too special to be spared the plastic seat covers. Even with such precautions Mother would have preferred that her family and friends just stood. She deployed her covers much as city dwellers set out spikes to discourage pigeons from roosting on their windowsills. I believe Mother loved the seat covers more than the chairs they were supposed to protect. She held onto them even after the plastic had yellowed and cracked, and when the furniture underneath started to crumble and rot away, well, that was just proof of its antique charm.

If I could not sit comfortably, or with clear conscience, on the chairs at home, I could put them to other uses. An old overstuffed red brocade club chair with fringe to the ground was my secret place, my hideaway, where, safe from discovery in the crawl space under the seat, I would happily listen to conversations I didn't understand.

As people grow older, do they correct their parents' mistakes or merely replicate them? I certainly intended to be different, but one day I realized that in ways too numerous for comfort I had somehow turned into my mother. I have never owned a single chair that was truly suitable for sitting. I have a special fondness for delicate flimsy Victoriana. Once I had on long-term loan one of those now-fashionable papier-mâché and mother-of-pearl slipper chairs whose caned seat had begun to rip long before. It was, however, a magnet for guests, and I had to keep coming up with more or less subtle ways to

prevent anyone's actually sitting in it. I placed my teddy bear on it and said it was teddy's chair, but that did not always work. Finally, I rested it on a pedestal as if it were a work of art—which, indeed, it was. As for the other chairs I own—the Biedermeiers and the director's chairs that have followed me from one abode to another for the past twenty years—they are more likely to support stacks of mail, books, and newspapers or piles of soiled clothes than a warm human behind. Where I live, only the bed is for sitting.

Recently, I was happy to discover that there is a millennium or more of historical precedent for my chair perceptions. Look, for example, at the British coronation chair, a medieval relic much tarted up in the nineteenth century. Except for those rare occasions when a new sovereign is crowned, it sits on display in a chapel behind the altar at Westminster Abbey, awaiting an opportunity to cradle the royal rump once more.

A ROTISSERIE CHAIR IS SORELY NEEDED FOR ACHIEVING PERFECT TANS

Strolling through the staterooms of Italian baroque palaces, one often comes upon thronelike chairs, carved completely and robustly with the most exquisite twisted figures—work conceived and produced by true sculptors rather than mere craftsmen. And they are treated like sculpture: to be admired, to inspire, but never to be used.

By the eighteenth century, however, some chairmakers seem to have discovered the concept of the functional, and if a chair could serve one purpose, how much better it would be to serve several. Thus chairs that mechanically recline or turn into beds as well as those with wheels for transporting the invalid or the obese came into being. During this period the French genius for invention blossomed with chairs for every purpose, from shaving (fauteuil à razer) to arranging hair (coiffeuse), from sitting low by the fire (chauffeuse) to taking in card games (voyeuse).

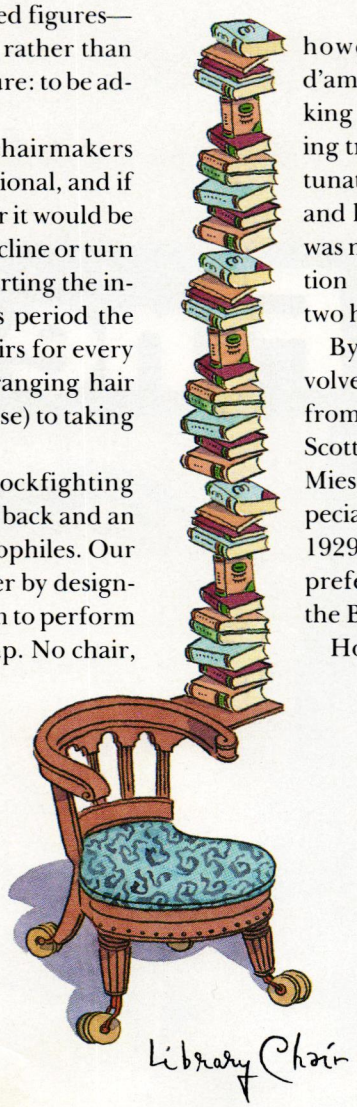
The English version of the voyeuse is the cockfighting chair. Another chair, fitted with a barrel-shaped back and an arm that extends into a shelf, was made for bibliophiles. Our own Thomas Jefferson did the English one better by designing for his own use a contraption that allowed him to perform most of his daily rituals without once standing up. No chair, however, outshone the extraordinary siège d'amour made for the exclusive use of the future king of England, Edward VII, on his frequent flying trips to Paris's most luxurious brothel. Unfortunately, since few beside the inventor, the prince, and his cohorts ever knew how to use it, the chair was never put into production for home consumption ("Take one portly middle-aged prince and two hot trollops . . . "?).

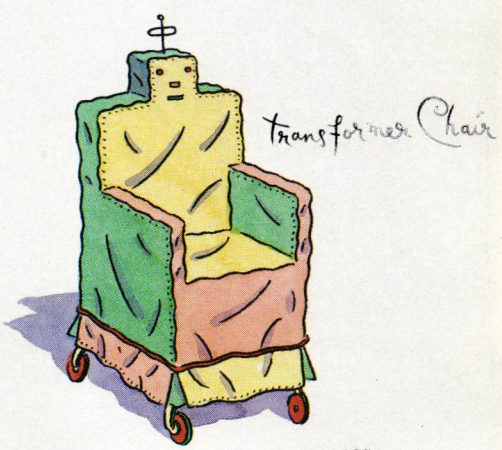
By the late nineteenth century, architects got involved in chair design, and we are still suffering from their efforts. Even King Alfonso XIII and his Scottish-born queen, Ena, were not charmed by Mies van der Rohe's Barcelona chair, designed especially for their visit to the German Pavilion at the 1929 International Exposition in Barcelona. They preferred to stand. As suave and beautiful as it is, the Barcelona has little to offer human anatomy.

How could a world *(Text continued on page 137)*











Pfister Finesse

Charles Pfister's latest designs strike a masterly balance between the classic and the modern

By Pilar Viladas

Photographs by Oberto Gili

DEWEY NICKS



Charles Pfister, *opposite*, is equally at home with the old and the new. *Left:* In the living room of his San Francisco apartment, sofas he designed for Knoll Studio mingle with 18th-century French chairs and drawings by Sir John Soane. Details see Resources.

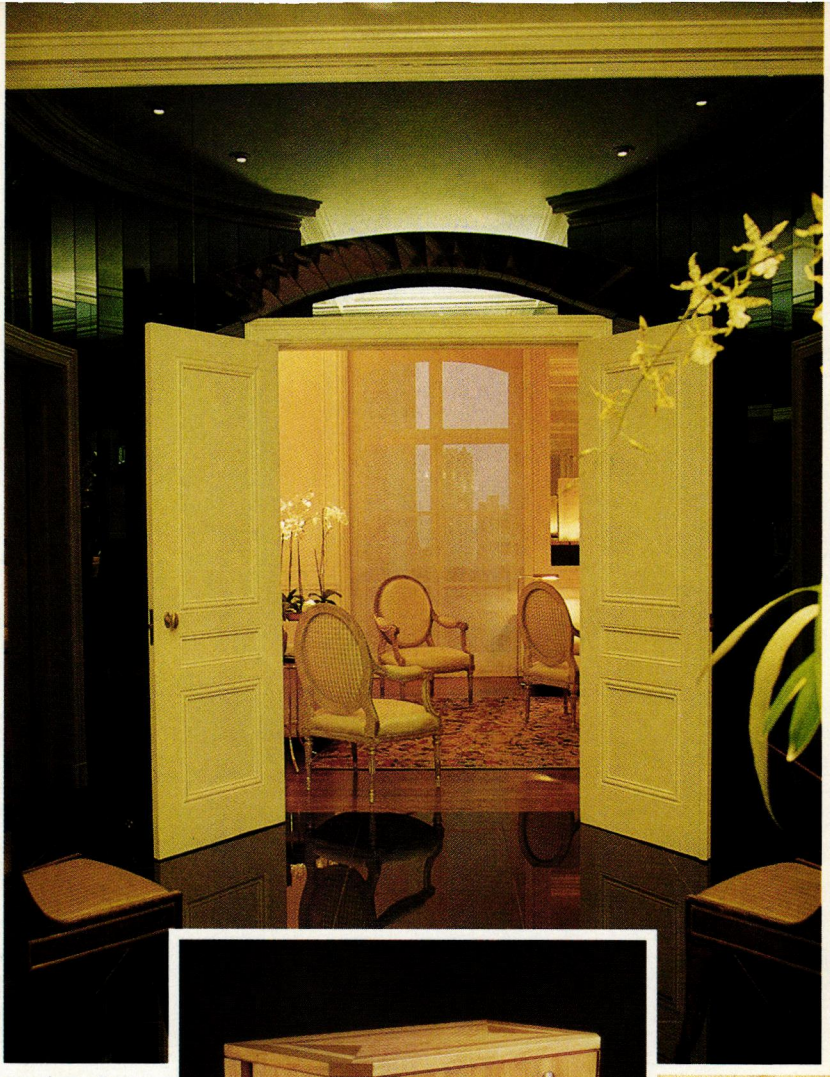
IT IS A CRISP SAN FRANCISCO MORNING AND Charles Pfister is seated at his immaculate desk musing on the challenges of design. "It's not for the faint of heart," he warns. "You literally start every job with a clean sheet. You have to see that as a gift, not a misfortune."

By almost anyone's standards, Pfister's professional life has been one long Christmas. From an illustrious fifteen-year career with Skidmore, Owings & Merrill to his current position as CEO of his own nine-year-old forty-person firm, the Pfister Partnership, the fifty-year-old designer has amassed an imposing list of corporate clients (Deutsche Bank, Shell, Citicorp), enviable commercial projects (the legendary "21" Club in New York, Square One Restaurant in San Francisco, the Grand Hotel in Washington, D.C.), and products (rugs for V'Soske, seating for Metropolitan and Bernhardt, lighting for Boyd and Casella, his now-classic furniture and accessories for Knoll International). Pfister, says Knoll's chairman, Marshall Cogan, "is assiduous in perfecting design."

And if his past achievements are better known to architects and designers than to consumers, Pfister is edging closer to becoming a household word—in upwardly mobile households, at least—with the recent debut of his forty-piece Premier Collection of living, dining, and bedroom furniture for Baker, which was given a splashy public launch last April at Bloomingdale's in New York.

The Premier Collection is the result both of Pfister's mandate to design a contemporary line and of his desire to combine modern simplicity with the traditional cabinetmaker's art, using inlays and faux finishes for added richness. As Pfister explains it, "The reaction I was looking for in the traditionally oriented consumer was, 'If this is modern, I like it.' " Primavera, a honey-colored wood from Central America ("Plantation grown," says the designer, "so it's ecologically responsible"), was chosen for its light tone. The collection's uncluttered lines come from a variety of sources: Pfister cites T. H. Robsjohn-Gibbings's furniture designs for Widdicomb in the 1950s as an inspiration—the armless lounge chair for Baker pays homage to one designed by Robsjohn-Gibbings—but also notes that "you can see all sorts of things there." An oval commode and bedside tables in a natural finish have a nineteenth-century Russian look, while the same pieces in black lacquer "could be straight out of Joan Crawford's apartment." Tall cabinets with fretwork doors remind Pfister of eighteenth-century Sweden—"very Gustavian"—while the upholstered furniture is "steamship moderne, as opposed to art deco." All in all, he believes, this is a very romantic contemporary collection.

The pairing of romantic and contemporary sums up the

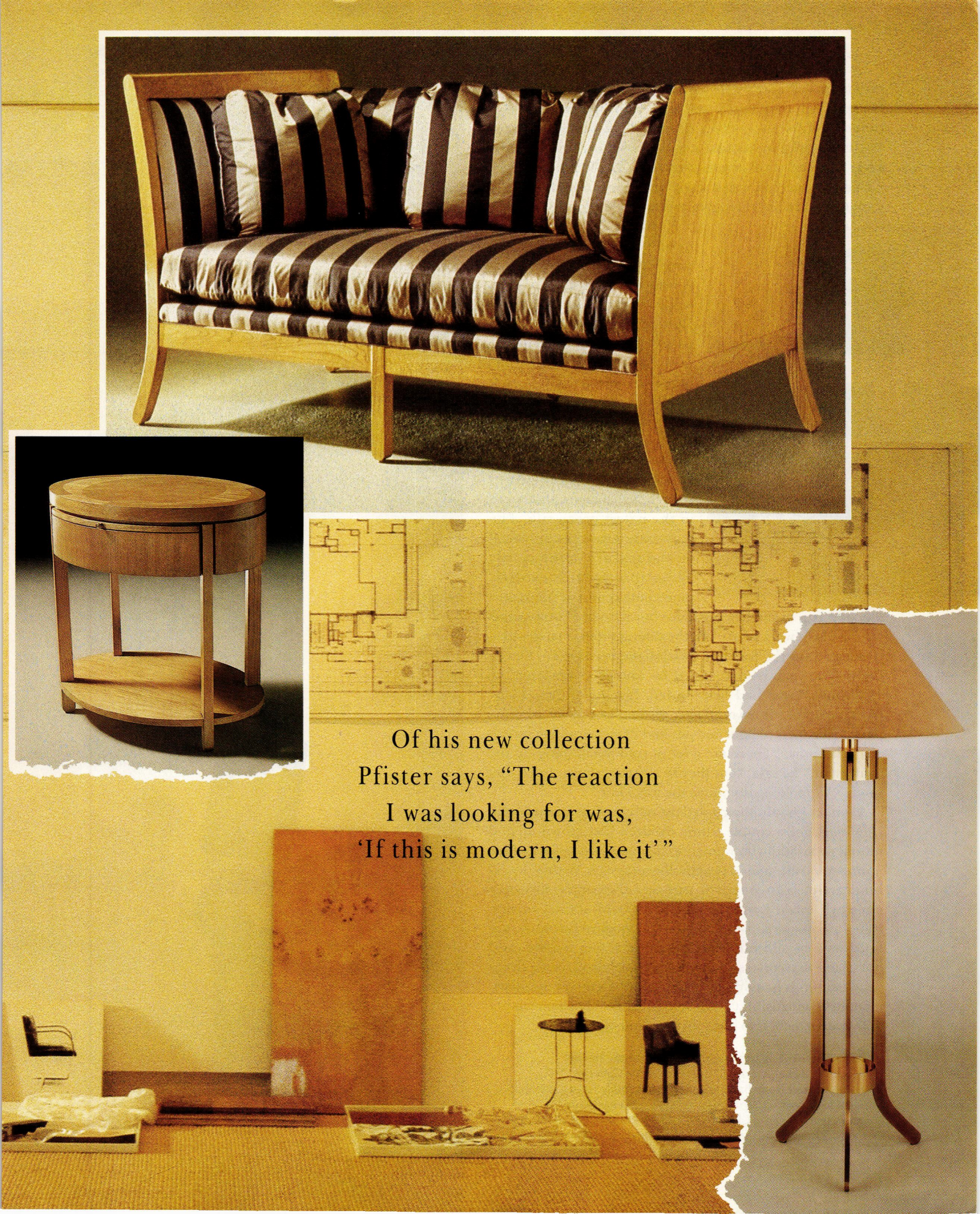






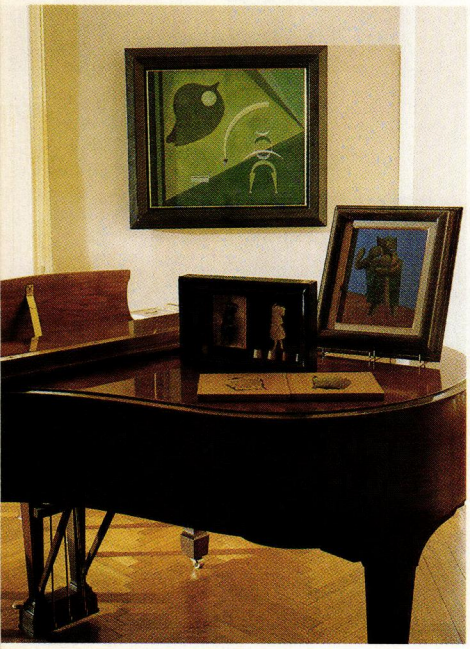
Pfister's taste for elegant simplicity extends from early 19th century Russian chairs in the foyer and the French chairs in the living room, *above*, to the understated materials laid out in his design studio, *below*. The same aesthetic informs Pfister's design products, such as his Premier Collection for Baker Furniture, which includes a chest, *left*, settee, *top right*, and oval night table, *right*, as well as his floor lamp for Casella, *far right*.

INSET BOTTOM RIGHT: COURTESY CASELLA LIGHTING. OTHERS: COURTESY BAKER FURNITURE



Of his new collection
Pfister says, "The reaction
I was looking for was,
'If this is modern, I like it'"

evolution of Pfister's style over the past several years. While his approach to design is still very much the one that produced his Knoll sofa—crisp, clean, without an ounce of fat—Pfister's work has become decidedly softer, rounder, less slick. In other words, more romantic. "As you get older," he explains, "you realize that if you say there is only one way to design, you are both arrogant and not a very good designer."



Nowhere is this evolution more evident than in Pfister's own Nob Hill apartment, which is housed in a 1926 building with French classical overtones. "Where I live has always reflected my work at the moment," he says. Whereas his previous house was modern with a capital M, this one reflects a new inclusivist outlook. True, the Knoll sofas are here, covered in no-nonsense white canvas, but so are eighteenth-century French armchairs upholstered in the palest green silk. The most extravagant gesture of color and texture in the mostly white apartment is an early nineteenth century French needlepoint rug in the living room—but that, as Pfister points out, "is also a work of art." In the dining room, a table with a striking sculptural base that was designed as a gift for him by Cedric Hartman is surrounded by Thonet chairs from the 1920s that Pfister had silver-leafed. In spite of these flourishes, however, the overall look of the place is one of disciplined elegance, of light and air, and Pfister wouldn't have it any other way. "There are a lot of traditional things in the apartment," he says, "but they're stripped down. I don't let Louis XVI molding dominate the way I live."

A similar philosophy guided the design of an apartment in New York for a couple whose children had grown up and moved away and who wanted to devote more space to their impressive collection of twentieth-century art. Within the existing architecture of the apartment—the paint colors were done by Donald Kaufman and Taffy Dahl—Pfister orchestrated a dialogue between antique and modern furniture, upholstered in subdued but sybaritic velvet, suede, and horsehair, that creates a suitably quiet backdrop for the drop-dead paintings hanging in every room. "I wanted the apartment to be quietly luxurious," says Pfister. "The true luxury of this apartment is to live with that kind of collection."

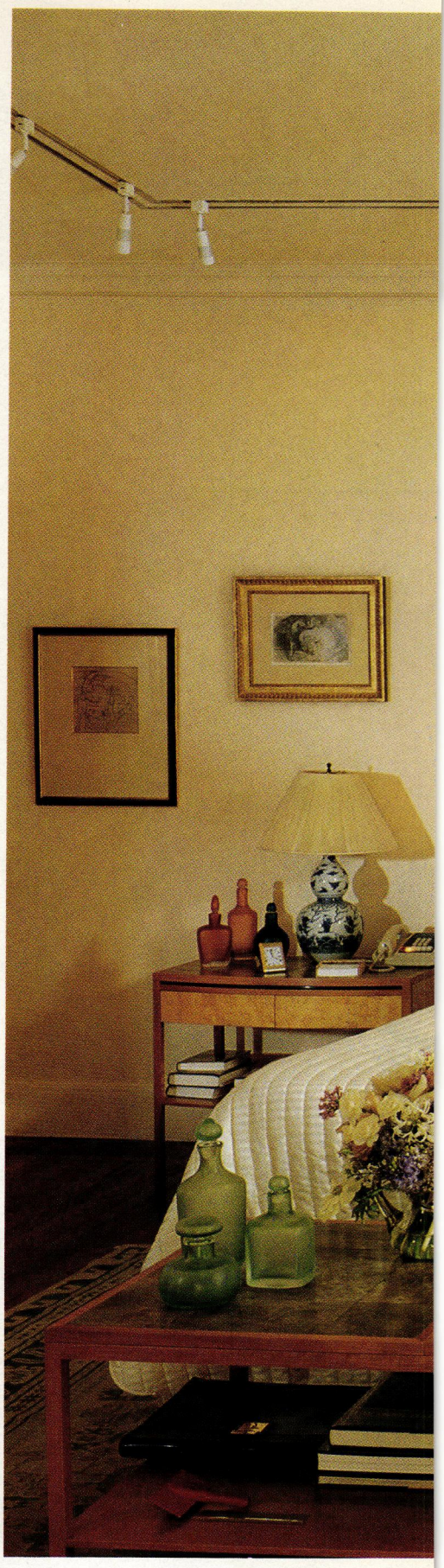
For a New York apartment, *right,* Pfister chose Italian neoclassical chairs, c. 1825, from Newel Art Galleries, NYC, a Mies van der Rohe Barcelona daybed available from KnollStudio, and a 19th-century Agra rug to create a quiet backdrop for paintings by Picasso, Clyfford Still, Mark Rothko, and, in the dining room, Kenneth Noland. *Above:* A Kandinsky hangs over the piano.



apartment to be quiet. True luxury is to live with the art"

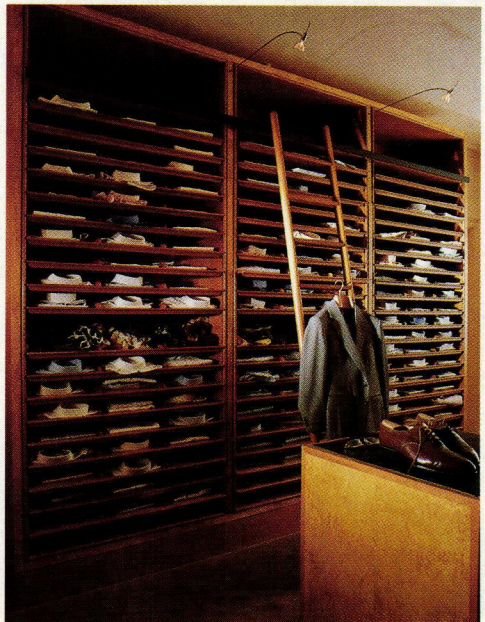






Understated luxury seems to be something Pfister was born knowing how to design. As a child he would create floor plans of whole houses out of building blocks. After a moment of doubt as to whether he should study law, he went with his instincts and enrolled in the architecture program at the University of California at Berkeley. Following the obligatory postgraduation grand tour and a stint in Italy as an assistant buyer for Cost Plus Imports, he found his way to Skidmore, Owings & Merrill because he knew that they did a lot of interiors work. He eventually rose to the position of head of the interior design department of SOM in San Francisco, working on such landmark office projects as the 1970 corporate headquarters for Weyerhaeuser. But when Pfister realized that his goal of making general partner was a ways off, he went out on his own in 1981. Since then he hasn't looked back; his firm now has a second office in London because he believes that "if you want to work in Europe in 1992, you will need a presence in one of the European Community countries."

A Magritte overlooks the library, *above,* where sofas and chairs in navy blue suede sit on a Tabriz rug from Doris Leslie Blau, NYC. *Below:* Pfister worked with Knoll vice president Carl Magnusson and his wife, Emanuela, to design the dressing room, which was built by Pierluigi Ghianda in birch and pearwood. *Right:* Ghianda used the same woods with shagreen inserts for the bedroom furniture.



In the meantime, Pfister is at work on the Regent in Milan, a hundred-room hotel housed in buildings that date back to the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries located in the city's most fashionable shopping district—a project he welcomes because its "residential scale" will give him the opportunity to design still more furniture. Also in the works are a Polo/Ralph Lauren store in Palo Alto, California, a house for a Los Angeles developer, and a house for a Kansas City industrialist. Then there's the property that *(Text continued on page 136)*

The designer's



style is crisp, clean, without an ounce of fat, but it is also romantic

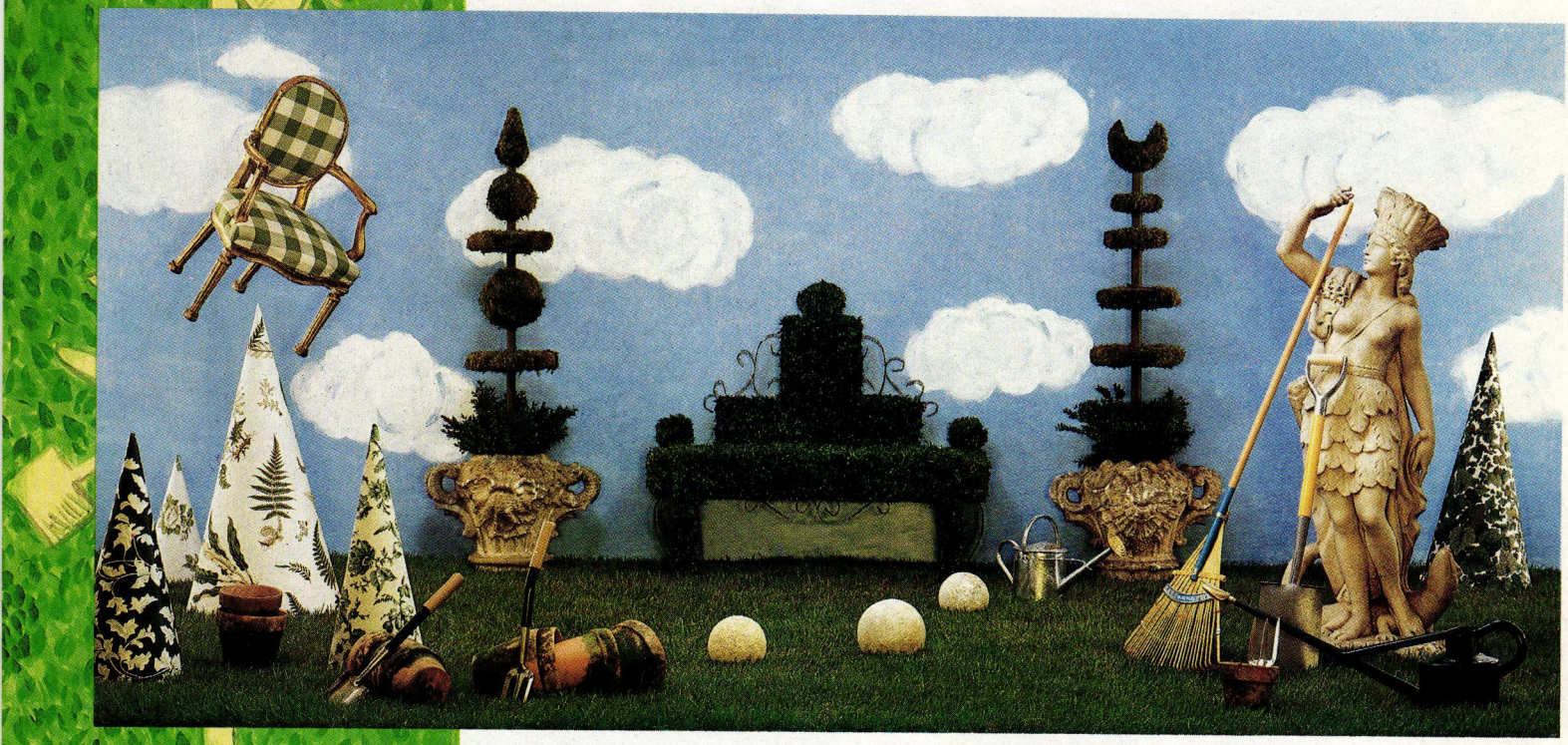


HG SHOPS THE MARKET

By Eric Berthold

samples

Fanciful greenery, leafy fabrics, and a supporting cast of tools and ornaments set the scene for garden drama







Drawings of a 1664 theater garden at Versailles inspired HG's open-air stage set. *Above:* Faux topiary cones in fabric, left to right, from Woodson, Quadrille, Old World Weavers, Carleton V, and Fonthill. Flying Venetian armchair, c. 1785, from Dalva Brothers, NYC, in a Manuel Canovas check. Topiaries designed by Madison Cox for Lexington Gardens, NYC. Portuguese planters, c. 1740, from L'Antiquaire & the Connoisseur, NYC. Topiary bench by Peter Carlson from Dampierre & Co., NYC. Statue of *America,* c. 1800, from Brinkman Galleries, NYC. Ornamental stone spheres from Thos. K. Woodard, NYC. Green watering can and spade from Smith & Hawken. Steel watering can, terra-cotta pots, and trowel set from Lexington Gardens, NYC. Cloud backdrop by Konstantine Kakanias. *Far left:* Illustration by Kakanias after a Louis XIV proscenium. *Left:* Suede gardening gloves and secateurs from Hermès. Fabrics from Manuel Canovas and Clarence House. Details see Resources.

DEWEY NICKS


Lee Jofa
Furniture and Fabrics
800 Central Blvd.
Carlstadt, New Jersey 07072
Telephone 201·438·8444
William & Mary Wing Chair
Indian Print
Satin Stripe Voile

Connoisseur's Art

(Continued from page 114) resist that flaming typewriter. To some it is an endearing joke. To others it is a surrealist invention, as concise as anything dreamed up by Salvador Dali in his heyday. But in point of fact it is neither of those things. Maler's uncle, a newspaper editor in Argentina, was kidnapped and killed at a time of civil upheaval. *Hommage*—to give the flaming typewriter its title—is an act of homage to the murdered editor. As for the flames, they burn in perpetuity, the way the flame burns on the grave of the Unknown Soldier, worldwide.

There are men and women for whom the building of a collection of this sort would be a lifetime's work. But at the Hess headquarters we never forget the noiseless maturation that is going on above, below, and beside us. Nor do we forget the documentary that runs continuously, starting with an individual vine stalk and fanning out over acre upon high-lying acre. Sitting in the tiny theater, we watch the winter. We watch the miracle period in spring when the vines come to life. We are alert in the dark blue beginnings of dawn for the moment when headlights go on and tractors move out for the annual, crucial, decisive picking of the grapes. Two things said by Donald Hess come back to me at that moment. One is: "In making wine, the best piece of equipment is your nose." The other is: "It's not enough to make 'nice' wine. If I made nice wine, I'd be out of business."

Through the windows, meanwhile, we see an unspoiled landscape that was cared for long ago by the coastal Miwok Indians. As Donald Hess likes to say, every vineyard is a collection of soils, and this one goes back a long way. Although he will be 54 years old this year, he looks and acts a great deal younger. And although it will be quite some time before the winery coins money for a later generation, he plans to move to other causes in five or six years' time.

"I think I have proved that I have a little business sense," Hess said not long ago on the stoop of the tiny redwood house where he and his wife, Joanna, live when they are in California. "Soon it will be time to do something else. We have to think what to do about the way in which one third of the world has more than it needs and is busy polluting the universe while the other two thirds is overpopulated, diseased, and eternally hungry. Someone has to draft a new Ten Commandments for ethical living. That's the kind of thing I'd like to do." ♠

Donald Hess's collection of art is the subject of a recent book, Hess Collection, *published last fall by Harry N. Abrams.*

Yankee Hospitality

(Continued from page 109) bagatelle sets. Directly opposite this effortless-looking family hub, the dining room is covered in the same paper-bag-colored shadow-striped wallpaper. The wife dismisses her nineteenth-century English dining table, chairs, and sideboards as "predictable"—but that quality explains why even a first-time visitor feels a comforting sense of déjà vu here. While the adults convene in the dining room, the children feast in the neighboring breakfast room, pulling up to a rough-hewn table in a motley assortment of French provincial and real and reproduction Hitchcock chairs, all cushioned in an animal silhouette gros point.

Out of the breakfast room spills the kitchen, where the astonished visitor is greeted by an ancient gas stove, original to the house and mammoth enough for a hotel restaurant. It now functions partly as sculpture, partly as catchall countertop. A tufted Voltaire chair and a homey French country bench with sagging needlepoint cushions contribute to the room's rustic charms. The couple are especially pleased with their slate-floored sunroom, which is illuminated by floor-to-ceiling windows and further brightened by sturdy art deco wicker and simple white Swedish pieces.

After finishing, more or less, the main house—a masterpiece of "calculated undoneness," to use Mindel's term—the architects reconstructed the old chauffeur's quarters above a four-car garage into accommodations for the caretaker. Mindel describes the landscape-hugging outbuilding as an "old Victrola with the top lifted. We took a passive type of architecture and turned it into origami." One afternoon while work on the garage was under way, the wife gazed at it with admiration, then looked back at the house and sighed. "I think my husband and I should retire to this place," she said, "and let the kids take over the big house"—the makings of her own screwball comedy. ♠

Editor: Heather Smith MacIsaac

Naturalist's Roots

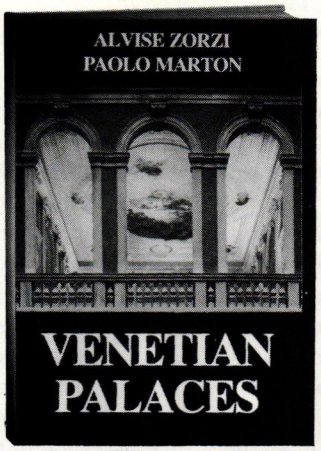
(Continued from page 101) Venetian mirror. Portraits of King Adolf Fredrik and Queen Lovisa Ulrika hint at the rather intimate rapport that Linnaeus enjoyed with his sovereigns.

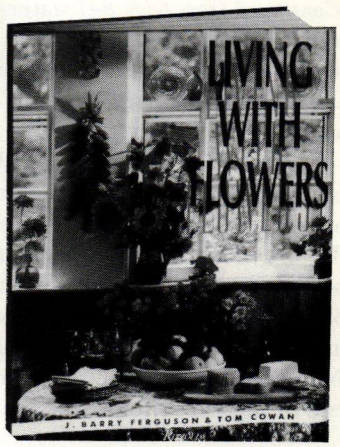
More pictures of family, patrons, and favorite animals are hung in his bedroom in a random way that could only have been intentional. Linnaeus viewed the subjects of these works as peers, as part of nature's grand scheme. A monkey, in his eyes, stood on equal footing with a king. Georg Dionysius Ehret's botanical engravings from the 1750s book *Plantae Selectae*, with which Linnaeus papered the walls, complete the private picture of a man botanist Örjan Nilsson characterizes as "brilliant and fast working, a strong systematician who. . . had more esteem for himself than anyone else."

Under the elms on the east side of Hammarby, Linnaeus planted some twenty flowering varieties several of which still thrive today. In 1769, he added a small building on the rocky knoll above the house where he lectured to disciples and catalogued his collections of pressed plants, insects, shells, and stones. Terrified they might be destroyed by fire, Linnaeus designed the single-room structure without a chimney, thus creating a singularly chilly place to be during Sweden's harsh winters.

From Hammarby Linnaeus also explored the countryside, always equipped with his magnifying glass and knight's cross—the great Carl von Linné, as he was known after joining the aristocracy, was not about to be caught bestowing names on plants without being properly decorated. But Linnaeus was happiest working in his gardens, which he treated as a monument to himself. In a letter to his wife, to be read after his death, he wrote, "Keep my grove as I planted it. If a tree dies, plant another in its place." ♠ *Editor: Deborah Webster*

RIZZOLI DESIGNS FOR ELEGANT LIVING



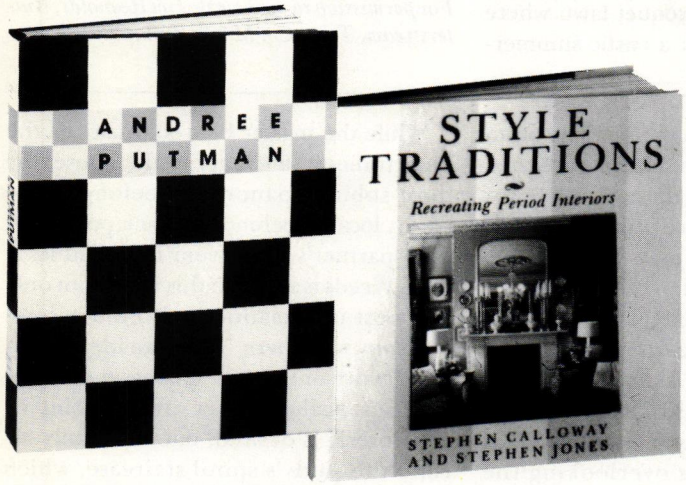


VENETIAN PALACES

Alvise Zorzi. Photographs by Paolo Marton. Renowned architectural photographer Marton provides sumptuous photographs of the luxurious palaces of Venice, presented chronologically—Byzantine, Gothic, Renaissance, and 17th-century—with a knowledgeable text by Venetian preservationist Zorzi. 532 pages. 11″ × 13″. 494 color illus. $95

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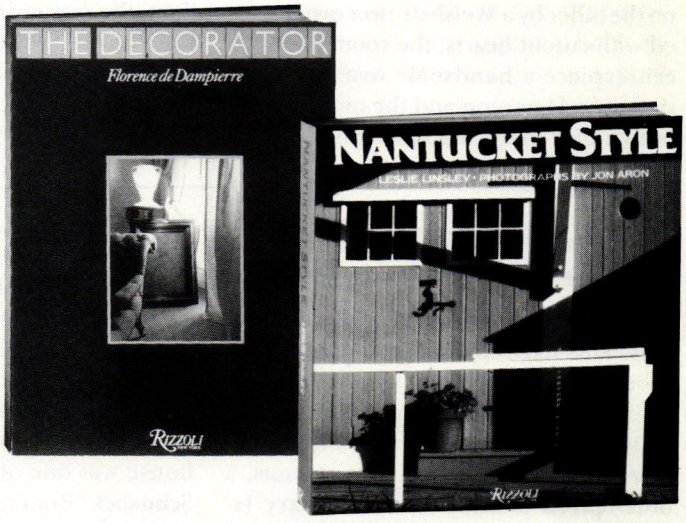


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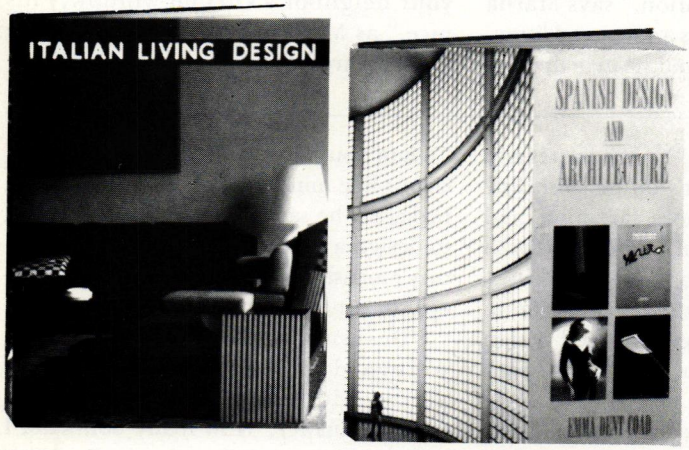


NANTUCKET STYLE

Leslie Linsley. Photographs by Jon Aron. A stunning tour of the interiors and exteriors of over 25 houses (many closed to the public) on this historic New England island, including exquisitely preserved 18th-century mansions and rustic cottages by the sea. 228 pages. 10″ × 10″. 300 illus., 200 in color. $40

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Chambered Garden

(Continued from page 84) water-retentive soil suits monardas particularly well, and they are there in many colors, from white and the exquisite pink 'Beauty of Cobham' to the purple 'Prairie Night'.

Tucked away in a corner of the herbaceous garden is an inviting allée through a pergola of laburnum, its golden rain of flowers in late May complemented by a border of blue camassias. In summer, the bloodred rose 'Duke of Wellington' comes into bloom nearby (some claim that the Iron Duke was born near Trim). At the end of the Laburnum Walk is a yew obelisk, set in a small enclosed garden of box and yew in the seventeenth-century geometric style. With your attention focused on this obelisk, you might almost neglect to turn left toward a magnificent vista—the climax of the garden—a formal pool set in a wide Liscannor stone terrace where it reflects a Tuscan temple. The sophisticated surroundings include standard bay trees in tubs; cones, spheres, and curlicues of box in terra-cotta pots; foxtail lilies and *Lilium regale;* and herbaceous lobelias in the most delicious magenta.

From the terrace a pathway alongside a beech tree planted in the eighteenth century descends to the croquet lawn where Jim Reynolds has built a rustic summerhouse on one side and a wooden Doric temple, entwined with clematis, on the other. This area could be an epilogue to the entire garden, for the broad expanse of grass and the quiet planting of roses and other shrubs convey a feeling of tranquillity. And appropriately, at the end of the tour through this landscape designed to stir the imagination, you find *Rosa chinensis* 'Old Blush', the very flower sung by the Irish poet Thomas Moore: "'Tis the last rose of summer,/Left blooming alone;/All her lovely companions,/Are faded and gone." ▲ *Editor: Jacqueline Gonnet*

For permission to visit, write Jim Reynolds, Butterstream, Trim, Co. Meath, Ireland.

Nantucket Lookout

(Continued from page 94) more like a welcome mat than a rug. The most decorous part of the ground floor is the dining room, but even this convivial spot retains, as Hampton puts it, "the marvelous barefoot quality of Nantucket." Anchored on one end by the fish-adorned fireplace and on the other by a Welsh dresser ornamented with cutout hearts, the room has as its centerpiece a handsome oval table designed by Hampton and the owner of the house, an architect manqué. While its sturdy legs were inspired by the detailing on an Edwin Lutyens kitchen table, its polished antique pine top was devised solely for practicality. This surface requires neither tablecloth nor place mats—just plates heaped with good food.

If downstairs is devoted to that part of the landscape where earth meets water, then the second story is dedicated to the conjunction of sea and sky. Saturated with light, the master bedroom is pierced with four corner windows overlooking the ocean, and the walls are painted in a blue so pale they almost disappear. Up here one seems to be floating, as if on a boat.

While the master bedroom may be the most tranquil sanctuary in the house, the most sublime panoramas belong to the study, located behind the back portico. A pine partner's desk from the Nantucket shop Weeds is set up in this niche, but only the most unromantic soul could accomplish any work here. This is an ideal perch for daydreaming and gazing at drifting sailboats. And if a loftier vantage point for idle reverie is desired, one need only ascend the study's spiral staircase, which opens onto the widow's walk where the views of the Atlantic are endless. ▲

Editors: Carolyn Sollis and Anne Foxley

Pavilions on the Edge

(Continued from page 68) California poppies. Five hard-to-find gray palms were brought in, and the wall along a lap pool behind the living/dining pavilion and the office pavilion was planted with *Pittosporum crassifolium. Echium fastuosum,* a blue-spired plant from the Canary Islands, will grow tall enough to be reflected in the pool around the master bedroom pavilion, and eucalyptus trees will eventually obscure the view from the bedroom, creating a walled garden courtyard.

For Rockwell Schnabel, the experience of working with Frank Gehry was an enlightening one. "Rock's immediate reaction to the prospect of having a Gehry house was one of caution," says Marna Schnabel. "But Frank is a very good listener. People trust him, and he gets them to reach past their traditional vision of architecture. Rock learned a lot and loves living here." Not least of all, their willingness to take an architectural risk has rewarded the Schnabels with an increasingly rare commodity in the Los Angeles real estate market—privacy. In the land of the tear-down, where a million dollars buys you a view of your neighbor's kitchen window, "it's nice," as Marna says, "to have a house that's a retreat." ▲

Pfister Finesse

(Continued from page 130) Pfister bought in Sonoma County for which he plans to design a house from the ground up: "If I don't do my own house, it doesn't say much about what we're capable of."

Pfister's relationship with Knoll continues to flourish; he is now putting together a new textile collection for the company. What won't he design? "No chocolates and no panty hose." What's on his wish list? Outdoor furniture, more carpeting, and more lighting. He is also fascinated with set design for television and the movies, because "you have the opportunity to influence the consuming habits and design eye of viewers from an early age; it's educating by example."

Asked if he has a dream project, Pfister thinks long and hard before answering. "When you have projects like mine, with clients like mine, most of them *are* dream projects," he says. "How many people get to design a hotel inside a fourteenth-century monastery? I've had more dream projects than most designers can imagine.

"Design is really something that you should eat, sleep, and breathe. People ask me, 'How many hours a day do you work?' I answer, 'How many hours am I awake?'" ▲ *Editor: Carolyn Englefield*

Overnight Success

(Continued from page 89) years before in Europe and put in a Louis XVI bed that once belonged to Ina Claire." The Wilkinsons are such good hosts that they once had a guest who wouldn't leave. In the end they rented him a nearby apartment and moved him in as discreetly as possible.

These various styles of entertaining sent me back to my 1945 edition of Emily Post, who sensibly suggests that hostesses live at least one full day in the spare room to make sure it's impeccably equipped. But she's opposed to the energetic hostess who wears her guests out: "Would you like her to telephone to a friend who sings too wonderfully?"

Sometimes, perhaps, weekend manners can be too refined. French hosts are so overbred I always feel oafish beside them. They think it's vulgar, for example, to keep scented flowers on the table when a bottle of "important" wine is uncorked. The other day one of my French friends kept lingering in the kitchen while I was preparing dinner. When I asked him why he didn't join the other guests, he said he loved the kitchen because that was the only place he could sniff the food. At that point I start to side with the American Eliza Farrar, who in an 1836 etiquette book defended her countrymen's penchant for eating off the tip of a knife, "provided you do it neatly, and do not put in large mouthfuls, or close your lips tight over the blade." ▲

Unlimited Seating

(Continued from page 123) capable of producing a piano that turns into a bed and a sofa that becomes a bathtub still be slow to come up with a batch of whimsical yet useful chairs? We sorely need a rotisserie chair for achieving the perfect tan, an ejecta chair for speeding away unwanted guests, and a transformer chair—a robot that can do anything a human can do yet at the end of the day becomes chairlike when dressed in a slipcover. Fortunately, there are some signs of hope. English designer Jon Mills has recently come out with a "cooker seat" made from stove parts. And more than one botanist is at work on an armchair that can double as a houseplant. The day may be dawning when the only thing a chair will not be suited for is sitting. ▲

Resources

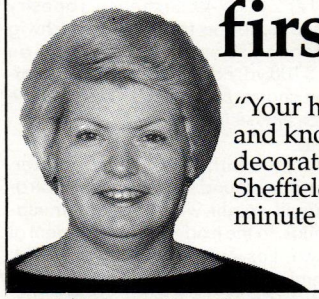
PEOPLE

Page 36 Pine Bombay chest, $4,840, Heather butter dish at left, $102 incl hood, Monet dinner platter at center, $53, Rose Cottage salt/pepper tray at right, $90 incl shakers, from Mackenzie-Childs, for stores (315) 364-7131. **38** Ceramic Rabbit glass-top table, $4,000, pine Visiting Seat, $4,000, from Mackenzie-Childs (see above).

FINISHING TOUCHES

Pages 52, 59 Garden design, by Lucinda Young Landscape, Nantucket (508) 228-5188. **53–55, 58–59** Faux finishes, by Dorothy Slover, NYC (212) 348-4464. **53** Grand Chinois toile chintz, to the trade at Rose Cumming, for showrooms (212) 758-0844. Cassell duck print, similar at Janis Aldridge, Washington, D.C., Los Angeles, Nantucket. **54–55** Garden of Allah chintz, Silk Shantung on chairs and sofa at left, Silk Damask on pillow, to the trade at Rose Cumming (see above). Rainbow ombré silk on table, to the trade at Scalamandré, for showrooms (212) 980-3888. **56–57** Dreams of Paradise chintz, Moiré Silk for curtains, to the trade at Rose Cumming (see above). Province taffeta/satin, silk damask on dining chairs, to the trade at Scalamandré (see above). Dining table, chairs, similar at Agostino Antiques, NYC (212) 533-5566. Reproduction Georgian chandelier, from Nesle, NYC (212) 755-0515. **58–59** Supercale cotton

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sheets, from Wamsutta/Pacific Home Products, for stores (800) 344-2142. **58** Barchester chintz, to the trade at Rose Cumming (see above). Fire screen, similar at 19 Petticoat Row, Nantucket (508) 228-5900. **59** Elizabeth's Rose chintz for curtains, on chaise, Ribbons on table, for bed skirt, to the trade at Rose Cumming (see above). Sterling, pillows, similar at Petticoat Row (see above). Moreen wallpaper, chintz, Royal Swag chintz on chair, to the trade at Rose Cumming (see above).

PAVILIONS ON THE EDGE

Pages 61–63, 66–67 Landscaping, by Nancy Goslee Power & Assocs., Santa Monica (213) 394-0261. **64–65** Alvar Aalto fan-leg stools, to the trade at ICF, for showrooms (914) 365-2500. Cab armchair, Harness leather/chrome lamp, to the trade at Mirak, for showrooms (713) 784-1400. Handwoven custom chenille (#5031) on sofa, to the trade at Maria Kipp, for showrooms (213) 387-8769. Caserta damask on pillow, to the trade at Rose Cumming, for showrooms (212)758-0844.

HOUSEHOLD EFFECTS

Pages 76–77 Plates, glasses, cups on second shelf, plate stand, at Wolfman-Gold & Good Co., NYC (212) 431-1888. **79** Striped cotton shams, wrought-iron standing lamps, $350 ea, green glass goblets, $12 ea, magazine basket, similar pillows of vintage 1930s fabric, at Wolfman-Gold (see above). Green-rimmed plates, $25 ea, jacquard napkins, $4.50 ea, twig napkin rings, $1.50 ea, folding chairs, $90 ea without cushions, embroidered-edge cotton pillowcases, made to order as cushion covers, at Wolfman-Gold (see above). Lace-edged cotton napkins, $25 ea, made to order to cover lampshades, striped cotton shams, European square, standard, at Wolfman-Gold (see above). Village Stripe wallpaper, $37.50 roll, from Ralph Lauren Home Collection, at Polo/Ralph Lauren, NYC, Beverly Hills, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Denver, La Jolla, Minneapolis, Palm Beach, Palo Alto, Princeton, San Francisco. Reproduction cast-iron doorstop, $50, cotton lace, 35" wide, $25 yd, made to order as curtains, at Wolfman-Gold (see above). Pillows of vintage 1930s fabric, similar at Wolfman-Gold (see above).

NANTUCKET LOOKOUT

Pages 90–91 Landscaping, by Juliet Perkins Garden Designs, Arlington (617) 643-3904. **92** Partner's desk, similar at Weeds, Nantucket (508) 228-5200. Custom checkered rag rug, to order from Margareta Grandin Nettles Weaving Studio, Nantucket (508) 228-9533. **93** Mac Chevron linen/cotton on sofa, 50" wide, $57 yd, to the trade at Hinson & Co., for showrooms (212) 475-4100. Rapallo Warp ikat chintz, to the trade at Cowtan & Tout, for showrooms (212) 753-4488. Union Cloth, to the trade at Stroheim & Romann, 31-11 Thomson Ave., Long Island City, NY 11101. Custom rag rug, to order from Margareta Nettles (see above). Moiré Ondine cotton/linen (reverse side) on chaise longue, 51" wide, $102 yd, to the trade at Clarence House, for showrooms (212) 752-2890. **94–95** Wicker club chair (#20/c), sofa (#20/s), sold in natural finish, to the trade at Walters Wicker, for showrooms (212) 832-1810. Natura sisal carpet, to the trade at Stark Carpet, for showrooms (212) 752-9000. Clarence House's Moiré Ondine (reverse side) on pillow, (see above). **95** Windsor chairs, built by George Ainsley, to order through Nantucket House Antiques, Nantucket (508) 228-4604. Carousel fish, similar at Weeds (see above). Topiaries, by Geo. P. Davis of Weeds (see above). Scott cotton on slipper chair, 48" wide, $39 yd, to the trade at Hinson (see above). Cowtan & Tout's Rapallo Warp on love seat and cushion (see above). Union Cloth, to the trade at Lee Jofa, for showrooms (201) 438-8444. Small Carnations boudoir sham, Hearts boudoir sham, at Porthault, NYC (212) 688-1660. Custom rag rug, to order from Margareta Nettles (see above).

YANKEE HOSPITALITY

Page 105 Coraux Chintz, to the trade at Brunschwig & Fils, for showrooms (212) 838-7878. Tiverton Blue viscose/cotton, 51" wide, $81 yd, to the trade at Fonthill, for showrooms (212) 755-6700. **106–07** Three over Stripe wallpaper, $48 roll, to the trade at Clarence House, for showrooms (212) 752-2890. Linen/cotton Faded Blue Roses on armchairs, 122.5 cm wide, $90 m, Ribbons on left sofa, 120 cm wide, $90 m, Mistletoe Stripe on fireplace chairs, 120 cm wide, $83 m, English Oak Leaf on back armchair, 117.5 cm wide, $83 m, at Bennison Fabrics, NYC (212) 226-4747. Chenille II cotton on sofas, to the trade from Glant Textiles, at Luten Clarey Stern, NYC, for other showrooms (206) 725-4444. Moiré Stripe cotton on pillows, to the trade at Payne Fabrics, for showrooms (212) 752-1960. **108** Banquette, similar at Pierre Deux Antiques, NYC (212) 243-7740. Richelieu Tapestry cotton on banquette, to the trade at Brunschwig (see above). Beaucaire spun rayon/cotton on chair, 50" wide, $108 yd, Parade des Animaux cotton/polyester on chairs, 51" wide, $102 yd, to the trade at Clarence House (see above).

COMING HOME

Pages 116–18 Antique farmhouse chairs, rocker, custom oblong table, round table, baskets, birdcages, cow windmill weight, watering cans, miniature houses, similar, to the trade by appointment at Richard Mulligan, Los Angeles (213) 653-0204. **119** Sulgrave chintz, 55" wide, $75 yd, to the trade at Old World Weavers, for showrooms (212) 355-7186. Custom wicker sofa, table, to order from Hays House of Wicker, Los Angeles (213) 652-1999. Bessarabian rug, similar at Indigo Seas, Los Angeles (213) 550-8758. Richard Mulligan antique miniature chair (see above). **120–21** Richard Mulligan antique miniature houses (see above). Selection of Ralph Lauren straw hats, at Polo/Ralph Lauren stores (see above for pg 79). Pure cashmere cable-knit throw, from Ralph Lauren Home Collection (see above for pg 79).

PFISTER FINESSE

Pages 124–25 Pfister Collection settee, sofa, to the trade from KnollStudio, a division of Knoll International, for showrooms (800) 223-1354. Chairs, similar at Foster-Gwin Antiques, San Francisco (415) 397-4986. Soane drawings, similar by appointment at Philippe Bonnafont, San Francisco (415) 441-4182. 19th-century French needlepoint carpet, similar at Doris Leslie Blau, NYC (212) 759-3715. **126–27** Pfister's Premier Collection primavera veneer chest-on-chest (#1314), $2,738, settee (#6898) with silk/polyester (#17-305), $3,868, primavera/white ash burl veneer oval nightstand (#1359), $938, from Baker Furniture, 917 Merchandise Mart, Chicago IL 60654. Pfister's solid brass floor lamp (#C2102-L5), $2,333, to the trade at Casella Lighting, for showrooms (415) 626-9600. **128–30** AE small metal/marble tables, to the trade from Cedric Hartman, at Luten Clarey Stern, NYC, for other showrooms (402) 344-4474. **128–29** Neoclassical chairs, c. 1825, similar at Newel Art Galleries, NYC (212) 758-1970. Mies van der Rohe Barcelona couch, Flat Brno armchairs in dining room, from KnollStudio (see above). Spinneybeck leather on couch, to the trade from Spinneybeck, a Knoll company, for showrooms (800) 482-7777. Latur satin-bond horsehair on chairs, by Z.R., to the trade at Jack Lenor Larsen, for showrooms (212) 674-3993. Agra carpet, similar at Vojtech Blau, NYC (212) 249-4525. **130** Suede, to the trade from Spinneybeck (see above). Tabriz carpet, similar at Doris Leslie Blau (see above). Mies van der Rohe Barcelona steel/glass table, to the trade from KnollStudio (see above). **130–31** Dhurrie carpet, similar at Doris Leslie Blau (see above).

SAMPLES

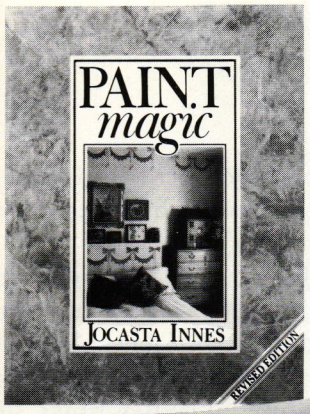
Page 132 Decorative painting, by Konstantine Kakanias, NYC (212) 879-0943. Above, from left: Fantasy Leaves cotton, 53" wide, $33.25 yd, to the trade at Woodson, for showrooms (212) 826-0220. Lenox cotton, 54" wide, $63 yd, to the trade at Quadrille, for showrooms (212) 753-2995. Italian armchair, c. 1785, at Dalva Brothers, NYC (212) 758-2297. Tremolat rayon, to the trade at Manuel Canovas, for showrooms (212) 752-9588. Ferns linen/cotton, 55" wide, $82 yd, to the trade at Old World Weavers, for showrooms (212) 355-7186. Moss-covered terra-cotta pots, 2"–22", $2–$130, from Lexington Gardens, NYC (212) 861-4390. Surinam cotton, 55" wide, $61.50 yd, to the trade at Carleton V, for showrooms (212) 355-4525. Stainless-steel English trowel and fork, $43 ea, topiaries, designed by Madison Cox, $250 ea, at Lexington Gardens (see above). Portuguese limestone urns, c. 1740, at L'Antiquaire & the Connoisseur, NYC (212) 517-9176. Topiary bench, by Peter Carlson, $2,000, at Dampierre & Co., NYC (212) 966-5474. 19th-century stone spheres, various sizes, $175 ea, at Thos. K. Woodard, NYC (212) 988-2906. Sissinghurst galvanized-steel 1-gal English watering can, $85, stainless-steel English hand fork, $22, at Lexington Gardens (see above). English Bulldog spade with tubular steel shaft, $40, at Smith & Hawken, Mill Valley, Palo Alto, to order (415) 383-2000. *America,* c. 1800 marble statue, 55", one of four, $30,000 ea, at Brinkman Galleries, NYC (212) 260-5801. Haws galvanized-steel and green epoxy 1-gal English watering can, $64, at Smith & Hawken (see above). Rectory Wall cotton, to the trade at Fonthill, for showrooms (212) 755-6700. Below: Delft linen/cotton, to the trade at Manuel Canovas (see above). Suede gloves, $250, stainless-steel secateurs, $495, from Hermès, NYC, (212) 759-7585. Majorca cotton, 51" wide, $27 yd, to the trade at Clarence House, for showrooms (212) 752-2890. Manuel Canovas's Tremolat (see above).
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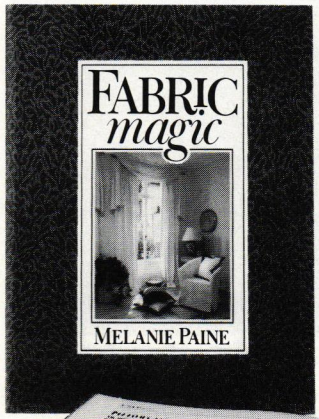
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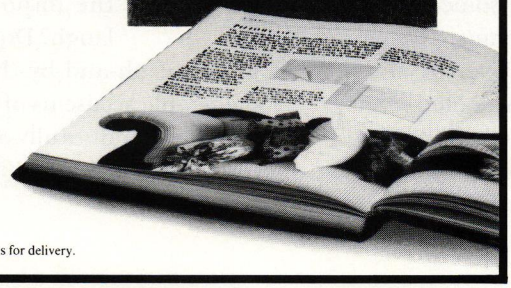
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Gandee

AT LARGE

Miami architect Laurinda Spear is not what you'd expect

It's a sunny Monday in Miami, and Laurinda Spear is at her desk. Which is a mess. A large pile of drawings detailing a new office complex for the U.S. government slated to be built somewhere—Spear won't say where—in South America has been pushed to one side, and in its place is another large pile of drawings detailing a new series of men's neckties that Spear is designing. "I am going to finish these ties up today because I never want to see them again until they're made," she explains. The question on the 38-year-old architect's mind is whether the ties should be Hermès width, three and one-eighth inches, or Armani width, three and one-half inches. "What do you think?" she asks.

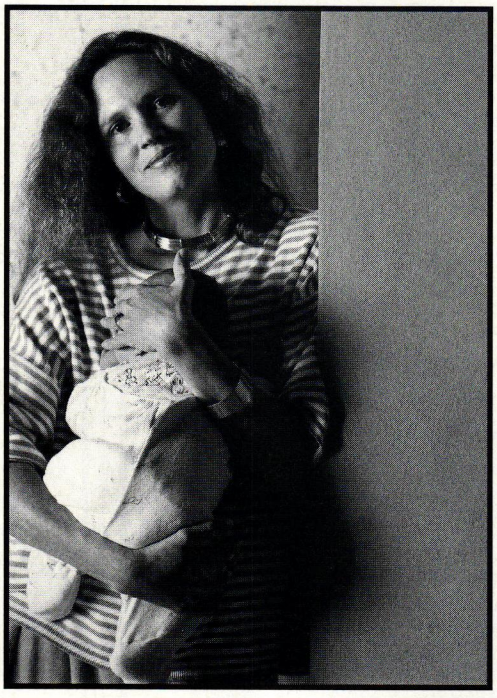
Although it's not clear whether the issue of three eighths of an inch has been resolved, Spear nonetheless moves on to the second question plaguing her peripatetic mind this brilliant blue afternoon, which is what to call her fifth child, who was born Harold Emile Fort on February 12 and who, at this very moment, is sleeping soundly in a wicker basket on the floor. "Harold is so difficult," says a troubled Spear. "So I was thinking of Haro. But my aunt Sally said you can't name a child after a boarding school—although I think Choate is a nice name." Long pause. "How do you feel about Harry?"

Laurinda Spear is arguably the most prolific woman architect in this country. Over the past decade she has designed somewhere in the neighborhood of 63 buildings with a combined construction value of somewhere in the neighborhood of $500 million. But you'd never know it. Not by her appearance. Not by her manner. Not by her conversation. Spear is quiet, shy, retiring, reserved, aloof, distant, deferential, vague, and, at times, more than slightly ethereal. Her enigmatic eyes have the look of someone who can't quite decide whether they're bored or bemused. In her unfashionably long skirts, sensible flats, and oversize shirts she glides through the streets of Miami in a dented white Chevrolet Suburban, an odd tanklike cross between a van and a truck that she bought because "it's safe for the children." Professional accomplishments notwithstanding, the self-portrait Spear prefers is of a devoted mother whose days, as she matter-of-factly reports, are filled with things "too trivial" and "too boring" to mention.

Although this upscale earth mother image is not inaccurate, it is incomplete. Because in addition to her five children, Spear has 65 employees who depend on her, who wait at drafting tables in Miami, New York, Chicago, and San Francisco for the sketches she produces of houses, banks, shopping centers, condominiums, courthouses, and office towers. Spear, after all, is the guiding aesthetic light behind Arquitectonica, the high-profile architecture firm she cofounded in 1978 with her husband, Bernardo Fort-Brescia, and three friends, who subsequently went their own way. It is her flashy vision of daredevil modernism, of a sleek, slick, and sexy architecture that put the firm and the Miami skyline on the map—as well as on the opening credits of *Miami Vice*.

Five children, 65 employees, and, at last count, 31 architectural projects in four countries and five states would be a lot to bear for any woman with one nanny and a part-time housekeeper, so I asked Spear how she does it. "I don't," she said without a trace of a smile. "I do everything very badly. That's how I do it." Since her children and her office both appear to be flourishing, I questioned Spear's tough self-evaluation. But she remained adamant. "My first priority is to make sure that everything is OK with the children. It has to be because there's nobody else in the world who would make that their priority. Then, after that, I design."

Professional accomplishments notwithstanding, the self-portrait Spear prefers is of a devoted mother



Laurinda Spear with her latest creation.

In terms of the brave new world aesthetic she subscribes to, Spear will only say that she is "inspired by something that the Greeks said—that people who write plays write about pity and fear, love and hate. Buildings should be the same—they should communicate something, they should be emotional." When pressed for details on her architectural philosophy, Spear added, after considerable prodding, "What a building feels like is the important thing. Does it make you laugh? Does it make you cry? Is it evocative?" As a sort of oh-and-by-the-way afterthought, she noted: "Some people accuse us of being childlike in our approach." Although Spear dutifully denied the accusation—"We're not naive"—I had the sense that she didn't really mind it.

Charles Gandee

TODD EBERLE